

The Sketch

No. 765.—Vol. LIX.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



VICTIM OF A POLICE BLUNDER: THE FLAT CHARGES THAT FAILED—MISS CATHERINE GOLDIE,
THE YOUNG ACTRESS WHO WAS ACCUSED OF CONDUCTING HER FLAT IN LANGHAM STREET IN AN IMPROPER MANNER,
BUT LEFT THE COURT WITHOUT A STAIN ON HER CHARACTER.

As we have already noted, the police failed utterly to substantiate their charge against Miss Goldie, known professionally as Rena Goldie, and a member of "The Gay Gordons" company. The young actress was able to prove, indeed, that at the time the police imagined her to be in her flat she was on the stage at the Aldwych. To an interviewer, she stated that she was in bed when the police came to arrest her, and that one of the officers insisted on remaining in her room while she dressed. Similar charges brought against two other ladies at the same time also failed.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



An Impression of Liverpool.

There are few experiences more interesting than the first impression of a great city. I arrived in Liverpool on Sunday night of last week. Why I had never been there before I cannot say. Once upon a time, in the days of my curious youth, I lived for a time in Manchester; that may have been the reason. Anyway, after leaving my luggage at the hotel, I rushed out to see Liverpool. I knew, of course, that it was the second largest city in the kingdom, and the remembrance of this fact added to my excitement. The friend who accompanied me knew every turn and twist of the place. He promised to conduct me through the principal streets, and I presume he did so. My excitement rapidly became merged in astonishment; astonishment dwindled into disappointment; disappointment gave way to mortification. It was no later than midnight, yet Liverpool, if you please, was deserted. Stranger still, the electric lights were out. We stumbled forward over the cobbles, relying for guidance upon a few red twinklers that looked like the old-fashioned gas-lamps in my native village. A policeman passed us, and stared suspiciously. Evidently, we had no right to be abroad at that hour. "And is this really Liverpool?" I gasped. "Yes," said my friend. "Don't you like it?" Taking him falteringly by the arm, I burst into tears.

On the Landing-Stage.

Liverpool, of course, in common with every other English provincial town, goes to bed early and gets up early. I ought to have known that. I did know it at four o'clock the next morning, for there was such a prodigious rattle and fuss and calling and chaffering beneath my bedroom window that I sprang up in alarm and went across to see what was the matter. There was nothing particular the matter, save that the Liverpoolians and I kept different hours. I grieved over this fact until nine o'clock; then I got up for good and went out once again to view the city. Here, indeed, was a change! The streets were full of carts, cabs, trolleys, and tramcars—especially tramcars—and the pavements swarmed with human beings of every nationality. I was soon taken, of course, to the landing-stage, and I could have lingered there all day. The sun was shining brilliantly on the motley crowd. A huge liner was being tugged slowly to the quayside, and the forepart of the vessel was thick with immigrants and homecomers. I waved my handkerchief to them, and some of the deceived dears waved back in the most enthusiastic manner, having probably mistaken me for Uncle Will. A boat was leaving for New Brighton. I drifted across the gangway, and presently we waltzed out into midstream.

A Suggestion for Sime.

The New Brighton boats never go straight, you will remember. They take the journey in a series of graceful circles, for all the world like a stout old lady dancing the mazurka. The reason for this is obvious: New Brighton is a pleasure-resort, and the steam-boat company, realising that their passengers are out for enjoyment, do everything in their power to fall in with the mood of merriment. I was rather sorry, by the way, that I did not go to New Brighton in the evening, for it is not at its best in the daytime. Don't think I'm grumbling; but have you ever seen one solitary couple dancing solemnly in a dancing-hall built for two thousand? That is what I saw that afternoon, about four o'clock, at the Tower, New Brighton. They danced very well, mind you. They took it slowly, majestically, artistically. The music was supplied by a gentleman, in the far, far distance, who thrummed a piano. He must have been a patient fellow, for the solitary couple never tired. They had no intention of tiring. They had come to New Brighton to dance, and they meant dancing until it was time to go home again.

London.

They had the whole of that vast, polished floor to themselves, and you could see at a glance that they were experts, and in perfect training. It was just like one of Sime's allegorical nightmares.

Servants of the Public.

I went into the theatre. Here, again, there was plenty of room—as was only to be expected on such a beautiful afternoon. I did not count the audience, but I was extremely interested in the seating accommodation. Nothing could have been better. By-and-by the lights and the advertisement-curtain went up and the show began. A small child in a short frock and white stockings came on to the stage and sang one of the ballads that never fail to reach the hearts of those who have led intolerably wicked lives. Good people may sneer at these simple old songs, but the wicked know that they are unerring in their aim. Wicked people, you know, are always more sentimental than good people. That is why burglars invariably shed tears when they come across a sleeping child. My friend was splendidly depressed by the first song. After this the lights went down again, and we had a magic-lantern entertainment with vocal illustrations. Perhaps it would be more gallant of me to say that we had a song illustrated with lantern-slides. In any case, I gathered from a resident in New Brighton, who had dropped in to collect a walking-stick left by mistake the night before, that this was an extra turn kindly supplied by the manager and his accomplished wife. Also that the theatre would be packed at night. I felt glad about that, and told him so. He said that he, too, was glad.

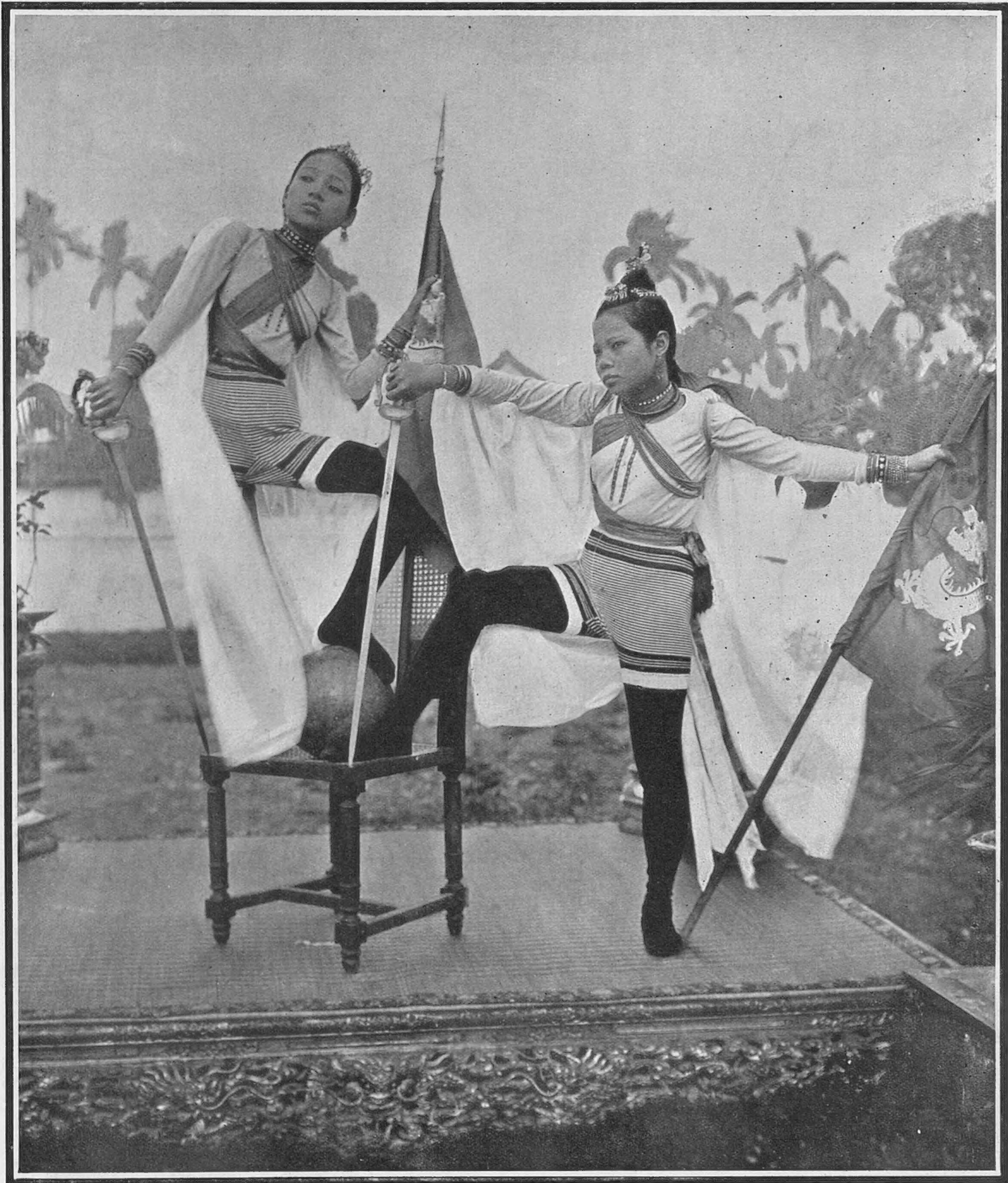
"Hit the Bolt."

On the way back to the boat rather a distressing thing happened. It just shows you what a mistake it is to interfere in other people's business, no matter how good your intention. There is a new gangway in course of construction at New Brighton, and I paused to observe two gentlemen who were wrestling, quite manfully, with a very unwieldy-looking iron plate. I think they had been having trouble with this plate for some time, and even an inexperienced person, such as myself, could see that it was a nasty thing to handle. One of the gentlemen was underneath the plate, giving directions, and the other was kneeling by the side of the plate, holding a large hammer. In dealing with material of that sort, it is always advisable to have a large, heavy hammer, and hit out with it pretty frequently. Now, the gentleman underneath the plate had considerable difficulty in making his colleague understand his directions. The man with the hammer kept on saying "Eh?" in a rather exasperating manner. I thought I would help them, and set my wits to work in the endeavour to interpret the wishes of the invisible artificer. There was a large, loose bolt in the iron plate, and, in a well-meaning moment, I said to the man with the hammer, "Hit the bolt." The man with the hammer immediately acted upon my suggestion, and acted hard.

A Distressing Outburst.

I am no prude, but I found it difficult to excuse the torrent of wicked language that came from beneath that iron plate the very instant after the hammer had fallen. I see now that it was quite wrong of the man with the hammer to hit the bolt, and very hasty of me to have given him any such advice. Evidently we had chosen an inopportune moment to strike the rivet, for, as the gentleman underneath explained in a rich and racy vernacular, it might have broken all his poor fingers. So much I am prepared to grant. But when he thrust a red and infuriated face from beneath the plate in order to cast horrible aspersions upon his colleague's origin, present position in society, and ultimate destination, I thought it time to return to Liverpool.

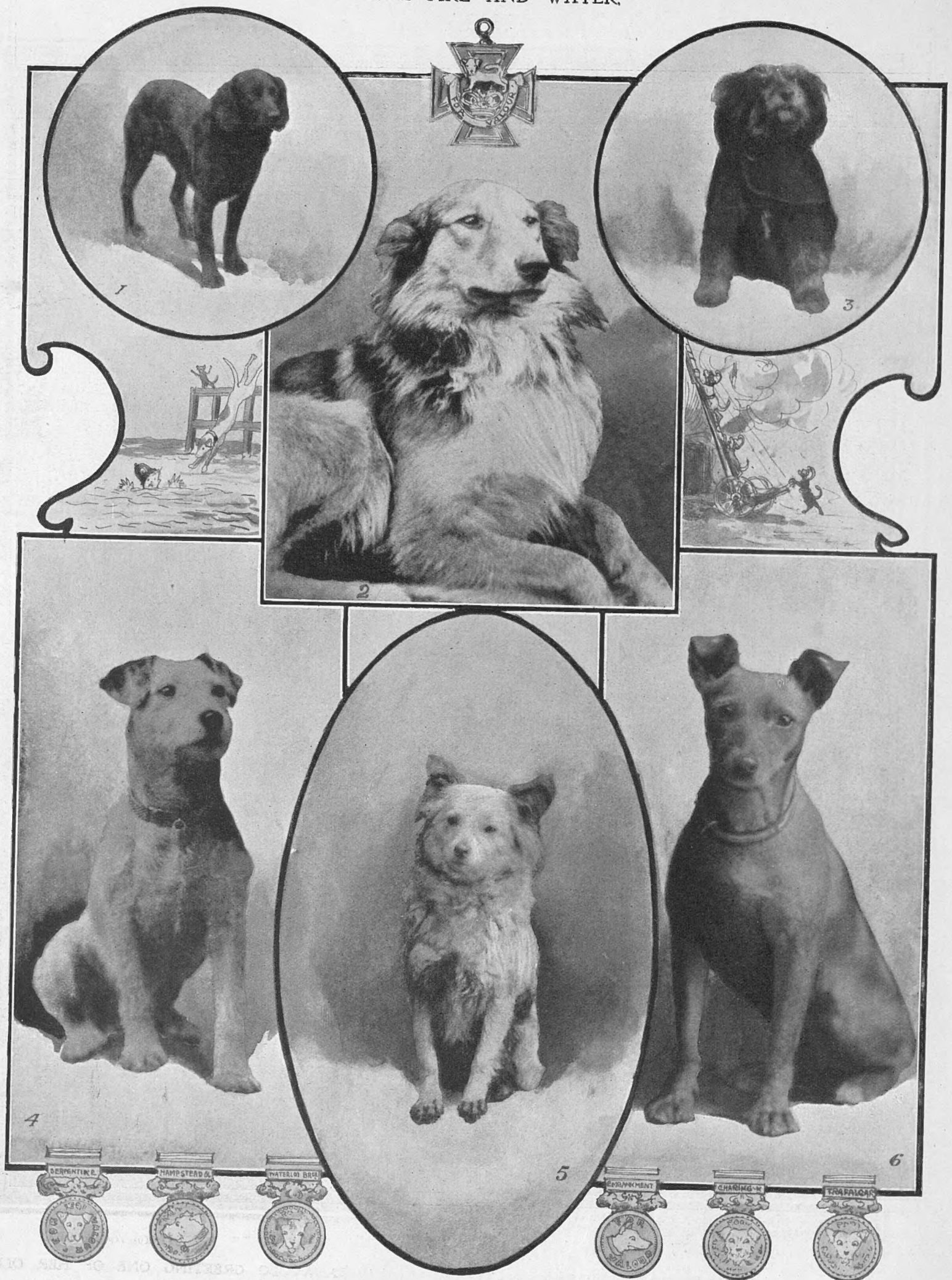
THE INNOCENT PLEASURE OF A BRUTAL KING.



LIVING PICTURES BEFORE THE KING OF ANNAM—WERE THE PERFORMERS BOILED OR SHOT AT?

The recently deposed King of Annam cannot be said to have indulged, as a general rule, in such innocent pleasures as those afforded by mild living pictures like the one shown. It is known that on one occasion, at all events, he had a wife boiled, afterwards making his courtiers turn cannibals. Other wives were immersed in boiling oil; while at other times his Mad Majesty used young girls as targets for his arrows. No wonder the French Government got rid of this modern Nero.

THE DOG-HERO TYPE: CANINE LIFE-SAVERS FROM FIRE AND WATER.



1. DASH, WHO BROUGHT RESCUERS TO A YOUNG MAN SURROUNDED BY THE SEA UNDER THE TORS AT HERACOMBE.
4. NELL, WHO GAVE AN ALARM OF FIRE AT THE COACH AND HORSES INN AT STRATFORD BY ENTERING THE LANDLORD'S BEDROOM AND BARKING.

2. GYP, WHO SAVED A CHILD WHO FELL INTO THE LEA ON HACKNEY MARSHES.
5. FLOSS, WHO AROUSED HER MASTER WHEN THE HOUSE WAS ON FIRE.

3. LITTLE NELL, WHO DIED FROM JOY AFTER HAVING BEEN REUNITED TO HER BLIND MASTER, WHO HAD BEEN IN HOSPITAL.
6. JESS, WHO AWOKED HER MASTER ONE NIGHT WHEN HIS HOUSE WAS ON FIRE.

All the dogs shown are members of the Brotherhood of Dog Heroes, and each of them wears the silver collar which may be described as the dog's V.C. The rescue effected by Gyp was, perhaps, exceptionally noteworthy, for when he swam out to bring in the child he was swimming for the first time.

Photographs by the World's Graphic Press.

THE NEW CŒUR DE LION AND BLONDEL!



THE EX-QUEEN.

THE QUEEN'S AUNT, RANAZINDRAZANA.

THE MUSICIAN, RASSAMBO.

TRIOUBADOUR AND EXILED SOVEREIGN: THE EX-QUEEN RANAVOLO GREETING ONE OF HER OLD COURT MUSICIANS IN FRANCE.

There is quite a suggestion of the Richard Cœur de Lion and Blondel story of our boyhood about the meeting of the ex-Queen of Madagascar and one of the musicians who was attached to her Palace at Tananarivu. True, the sex of one of the participants in the new story is changed, and positions are somewhat reversed, for the Queen found the troubadour, not the troubadour the Queen. Still, there remains more than a suggestion of the old legend. The meeting took place in the Madagascar section of the Colonial Exhibition at Nogent-sur-Marne, which the ex-Queen visited before leaving Paris for her home in Algeria.

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am only too delighted to be able to bear testimony to this marvellous but solid fact, and
to spread amongst others the knowledge that a speedy relief of the kind is possible. With
compliments.
I am, Dr. Mr. Schnelle, Yours very faithfully,
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Interview on written application to Mr. A. C. Schnelle, 119, Bedford Court Mansions, London, W.C.

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same risk.

September 25, 1907.

Signature

THE COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN: ACTRESS.

SO the beautiful Anna Robinson, who in her time has won
admiration from the playgoers of England and America, and
married the actor-Earl, Lord Rosslyn, rather over a year ago, is
once again to seek the suffrages of the public from behind the foot-
lights, and under her old stage name. Rumour—indeed, definite
statement—had it that she was to become one of our actress-
managers; but this is not the case. She is connected with
the forthcoming venture at the Apollo only as player and
as "discoverer" of the piece that is to be produced—Mr. Roy
Horniman's modern comedy, "The Education of Elizabeth."
Amongst those associated with her will be Miss Maude Millett
(another return to the stage), Miss Lettice Fairfax, Miss Florence
Lloyd, Mr. Marsh Allen, and the ever-welcome Mr. H. V. Esmond,
whose "Under the Greenwood Tree" is running merrily at the
Lyric. The Countess was born in Minnesota, and came to London
after playing in numerous light pieces and musical comedy in her
native land. Here she made her first appearance at the Criterion, in
a small part in "The Undercurrent." Later she was seen, under
Sir Charles Wyndham's management, in "Mrs. Goring's Necklace."

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Photographs by the Topical Press.



THE CLUBMAN

TWO LITTLE ACROBATS—THE SWISS ARMY—AN UNFORTUNATE CLUBMAN.

I HAVE always regarded the two little acrobats, brother and sister, sent out into the world to make a living, as puppets of children's books, sentimental things of fiction which never existed in real life. Last week, however, I saw them in the flesh, and was interested to find out whether they at all resembled the pathetic little people whose adventures brought tears to my eyes when I was in short clothes. I was across-Channel, in a forest in Picardy, and walking in the early morning along one of the roads, I saw a gipsy travelling-caravan out-spanned. On the wagon was a large square of card-board, which set forth that the acrobatic troupe of Madame Quelquechose performed marvellous feats. A ragged-looking group of men and women were sitting round an iron pot over a wood fire, and a girl was stitching at an old coat which seemed to have got beyond all repair.

As I sat at lunch in the verandah of an hotel, a little boy and a little girl went past. I could see that the boy had pink tights under his ragged great-coat, and carried a small roll of carpet under his arm. Both were bareheaded, and they were in a great hurry. The little figures looked pathetic, and having nothing in particular to do that afternoon, I thought I'd find the children and talk to them, and learn whether there was a cruel step-mother in the background, as there always was in the books, and whether they were beaten if they did not bring back enough money, as they always were in the books.

I found them late that afternoon on one of the forest paths. They were on their way back to the caravan, and were giving a performance for the edification of a lady and some children sitting on a rustic seat. The boy had put the scrap of old carpet on the ground, and turned somersaults on it; the girl did some simple contortionist feats. They were nice-looking children, with frank faces, and grey, pleasant eyes, and they certainly were not starved. The boy was in the customary acrobat's clothes, and his pink cotton tights, which had evidently been cut down to fit him, were old and patched and discoloured. The girl wore a bloomer costume made out of an old bathing-costume, and blue stockings. The sun had bleached the children's brown hair to a sandy colour. The girl had a lock of her hair tied with an old pink ribbon.

They ended their performance; the boy put on his little ragged great-coat, the girl a grey cloak, under which she placed out of sight an old tobacco-tin with a slit in the lid, which was quite heavy with the sous they had earned during the day. The children were

conversational, and as the lady wanted to know very much what I wanted to know concerning them, I had only to stand by and listen while she catechised them. Their mother was old, but very kind to them, and they always had enough to eat. Then, lest we should think that the family was uninteresting, the boy told us that he had an uncle who was dying. They had two big brothers, who went about the villages as acrobats, and sometimes they got more sous in a day than their brothers, and sometimes they did not. Then the children said their "Thank you!" for the coppers which had been given them and trotted off caravan-wards.

I have met this week some of the members of the National Defence League, and some of their guests who went to Switzerland to study the work of the citizen army which that country maintains, and concerning which I have sometimes chatted in these columns as being a model for our Volunteer Army. The Swiss, who are very proud of their citizen soldiers, showed the Englishmen everything they wished to see, and took them over an immense amount of ground in the showing. They encouraged their guests to ask questions and to propose any trials. One of the Britons asked that a regiment should go over the obstacles in a gymnasium, and every man in the corps did so, leaping and climbing like a trained gymnast.

In France it is not a wise thing for any foreigner to go on to the committee of a club, even if he takes every possible precaution to ascertain that his position

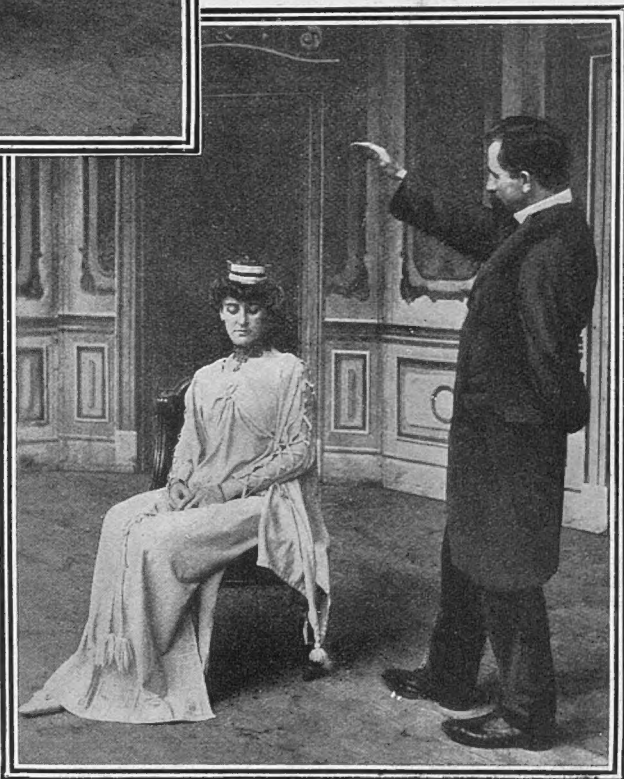
in the matter is secure and that the status of the club is unimpeachable. A case which is very "hard lines" on a gentleman of unassailable character occurred this summer in France. An American gentleman, a member of a well-known banking firm and a man of high position in his own country, joined a club at one of the French seaside towns. The club is chiefly for the use of English and American visitors, and is one of the best-known and most fashionable clubs of its kind. The American gentleman joined its committee as one of the members who organise the sports during the summer. The French officials discovered, or thought that they

had discovered, that this gentleman had not registered a permanent domicile, and he was ordered out of France. When it was too late to make reparation the officials found that they had made a mistake, and that an address had been duly registered. That card-playing is recognised as the principal source of revenue in almost all French clubs makes it necessary that the greatest precautions should be taken as to their management; therefore the visitor to France who is wise contents himself with becoming merely a member.



A DANCER KEPT ON THE STAGE BY A CORD: Mlle. MADELEINE RUHE DANCING WHILE UNDER HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE.

In order that Mlle. Ruhe may not dance off the stage and fall into the auditorium, a cord is stretched across the stage.

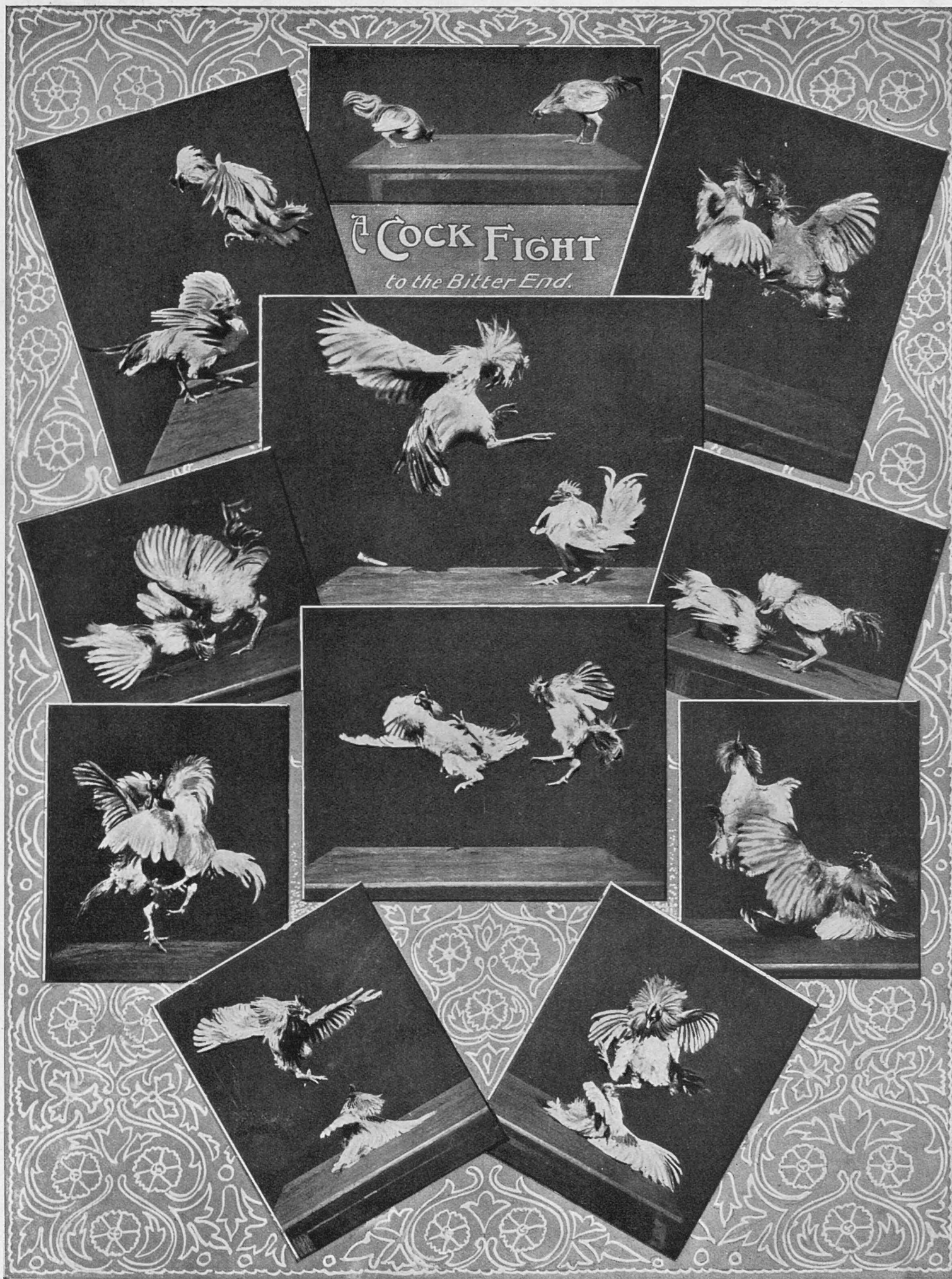


DANCING WHILE HYPNOTISED: HYPNOTISING THE DANCER, Mlle. MADELEINE RUHE.

Mlle. Ruhe is providing the sensation of the moment in Berlin, where she is giving a variety of dances while under hypnotic influence. These dances do not take the customary form, many of them, indeed, being extremely weird in movement and execution. Professor Mann, of Dresden, the well-known expert, vouches for the fact that the dancer is really hypnotised.

Photographs by Dannenberg.

COCK-FIGHTING: ILLEGAL IN ENGLAND, PRACTISED IN INDIA.



DYING LIKE FIGHTING-CKOCKS: A FIERCE BOUT IN ITS VARIOUS STAGES.

Cock-fighting may still be seen in China, South America, the Malay Archipelago, Siam, and India, where many a bloodthirsty bout is fought. Cock-fighting was a favourite sport with the Greeks and Romans, and was introduced into this country by the latter. It reached the height of fashion here in the reign of Edward III. Nowadays, most people agree with the statement in Bourne's "Popular Antiquity": "In a word, Cock-fighting is an heathenish Mode of Diversion from the first, and at this Day ought certainly to be confined to barbarous Nations," and the sport was made illegal for the second time in the middle of the nineteenth century. An enlargement of the above photograph is shown by Mr. C. P. Goerz, of 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, at his stall at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition at the New Gallery, Regent Street, and is one of the most striking and interesting features of that exhibition. The pictures have been taken with his well-known Goerz-Anschutz folding camera.—(Photograph by C. Nuckels.)



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.



"YOU NEVER CAN TELL"—"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"—THE FOLLIES.

ALREADY there have been many revivals of "You Never Can Tell," as well as of other Shaw plays, and one begins to wonder whether the time will come when Shaw, Sheridan, and Shakespeare will be the three "blackleg" non-royalty dramatists, the competition of whom will be deemed unfair by some Cecil Raleigh of the future. Will our descendant critics gloomily murmur the word "chestnut" in relation to the revival of the Shaw comedies? Will there be serious discussion as to whether they should be presented as costume plays of the late nineteenth century or in the current dress of 1950? There may even be disputes about acting versions and the propriety of "cuts" and transpositions. Horrible thought—gags, and perhaps mid-twen-centieth topical allusions will be introduced! At present the author of "You Never Can Tell" is in a better position than Sheridan or Shakespeare—stronger a live Shaw than a dead Sheridan. These remarks are due to the fact that there are complaints concerning the present version of "The School for Scandal," and a plea has been put forward for a more serious treatment of this masterpiece of artificial comedy. One thing, however, is clear about the revival: no difference would have caused greater enthusiasm in the reception, which apparently shows that there were more admirers in the house of Compton than of Sheridan.

Criticisms of actual performances of "The School for Scandal" are difficult to the middle-aged playgoer, who, in my case at least, remembers certain individual representations which form a kind of ideal. Mr. Eric Lewis, one of our most valued actors, a player able to give life to a musical comedy and return to the "legitimate" with style untainted, was certain to make an admirable Sir Peter Teazle, easy in his humour and strong in the little patches of real sentiment, and it would be unfair to regard his differences from Mr. William Farren as faults merely because they are differences. Miss Lilian Braithwaite could not help being a charming Lady Teazle, even if she might succeed less than others in suggesting the prompt acquirement by her Ladyship of the frivolous, hard manner of her set. Against any fault in this may be put the service of the constant hints of genuine goodness of heart. Joseph Surface is a cruelly difficult character: it seems almost impossible to present a Joseph obviously hypocritical enough to show the audience the humours of the part without appearing so transparent a humbug as to make it incredible that the other characters are deceived by him. It can hardly be said that in his clever performance Mr. Henry Ainley was completely successful. Mr. Edward Compton was, perhaps, more entirely within the costume of his part

than any of the others, without being exactly in the skin of it. He was the period according to theatrical traditions rather than the man. His Charles was strong and effective and full of light and shade; yet I believe most of the audience would have agreed with those critics who think it would be better if he and Mr. Ainley were to change parts. Of course, Mr. Charles Groves is an excellent Sir Charles Oliver; he is one of our perfectly safe actors, and there is

something to be said for the Maria of Miss Phyllis Relp, and the Mrs. Candour of Miss Marie Hassell.

Perhaps the Vedrenne-Barker management was wise in beginning the campaign at the Savoy with a play now popular, such as "You Never Can Tell," which is both too old and too young for examination. There is a strong cast, and most of the characters are in tried hands. Some day columns will be written on the performances of the waiter, and comparisons made between Mr. James Welch and Mr. Louis Calvert and Mr. J. D. Beveridge, the newcomer, who gave a very agreeable rendering. Mr. Harcourt Williams was quite an excellent Valentine, and Miss Ellen O'Malley was a delightful Gloria, who might, perhaps, be a little sterner at times. However, the occasion is not one for criticism, but rather for congratulation upon the success of a daring enterprise.

It speaks well for the ability of the Follies and of Mr. Pelissier, their moving spirit, that a group of Pierrots should be able to establish themselves at a regular theatre in London for a regular season, with a full-sized evening's entertainment. That they have made a place for themselves is a fact of which there can no longer be any doubt; and it is equally beyond doubt that they deserve their success. Their burlesque of "Hamlet," it is true, is not quite up to their usual form. The idea of making the Prince a confirmed drinker is not a very happy one, and does not work out quite nicely; but, in spite of that, there is a great deal in the sketch

which is ingenious and comic. Much better is the parody of Tschai-kowsky's "1812" Overture—a delightfully funny piece of fooling which follows the original closely enough to be genuinely humorous, and is extravagant enough to amuse even those who are not frequenters of the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. The rest of the programme is just an excellent Pierrot entertainment, in which the three ladies of the company sing and dance daintily (particularly pleasant is the voice of Miss Effie Cook), and Mr. Pelissier and Mr. Lewis Sydney prove themselves funny men of the first rank. There is about the whole performance a winning air of self-depreciation which is irresistible. The Follies are all so bored with each other that boredom in the audience is almost impossible.



THE NEW LADY TEAZLE: MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE IN
"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

FROM INFANT PHENOMENON TO GREAT ARTIST.



HERR FRITZ KREISLER, THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST, WHO GIVES A FAREWELL RECITAL
AT THE QUEEN'S HALL ON SATURDAY.

Fritz Kreisler, who is giving his farewell recital at the Queen's Hall on Saturday next, started life as an infant phenomenon, and remains remarkable even though he has long ceased to be an infant. Born in Vienna a little more than thirty years ago, he secured the gold medal of the Vienna Conservatoire at the ripe age of ten. At Paris, two years later, he took the Premier Grand Prix from forty disappointed competitors. Since then Kreisler has studied art, medicine, military matters, and the piano. He made his London début six years ago, and has been a favourite ever since. He is the greatest living interpreter of the violin concerto, and if we leave his friend Ysaÿe out of our consideration, we shall look in vain through the ranks of living violinists for Kreisler's peer.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano.

SMALL TALK



MR. ALFRED HENRY SCOTT, M.P.,
WHO HAS JUST MARRIED MRS.
KATHERINE DUNCAN LEWIS.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Mrs. Lewis only last July, and thus he may be said to have fallen in love at first sight. Mr. Scott, who is not yet forty, is head of a well-known firm of tea and provision merchants, and is a keen politician. When he first sought Parliamentary honours—at the General Election of 1900, when he opposed Mr. Balfour in East Manchester—he was defeated, but last year he won over to the Liberal cause a constituency that had been Conservative for a quarter of a century. It is expected that Mrs. Scott, who has done much good work in social and political affairs, will help her husband considerably in his public career: it is emphatically not to be a case of "An M.P. married is an M.P. marred."

"No Presents—by Request." An engaged couple—baith gude Scots, surprisin' to relate—have immortalised themselves by issuing a notice: "It is the special wish of both parties that no wedding-presents should be sent." Will these noble pioneers, one wonders, meet the usual fate of pioneers, or will they prove in the end to have tolled the death-knell of what is really a terrible social burden? For even if one gets wedded oneself it is no compensation for the presents one has conferred on the married of one's acquaintance. Somehow the presents one receives do not seem nearly as good as those one has given—indeed, the futility and rubbishy character of most wedding-presents must, so to speak, be experienced to be believed. The appalling "ornaments," pictures, silver trinkets, the duplicate paper-knives, and so on, may excite the enthusiasm of the local reporter, but both givers and receivers know that they are only sent in obedience to stern social custom.

Lady Clare Noel's Bridal. Following the example of Lord Herries' eldest daughter, who chose to become Duchess of Norfolk in the beautiful country chapel where she had worshipped as a child, Lady Clare Noel, the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Gainsborough, is to be married to-day week (Oct. 2) in the Catholic church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, at Exton, instead of at the Oratory, or in the new cathedral at Westminster.

LAST week saw the culmination of an M.P.'s love romance, and it became known that Mr. Alfred Henry Scott, the Liberal member for Ashton-under-Lyne, had wedded Mrs. Katherine Duncan Lewis, a wealthy American lady, the daughter of Mr. Blanton Duncan, of Kentucky, and widow of a well-known Kentuckian. The ceremony took place quietly, before only a few intimate friends, at a Westminster registry office. Mr. Scott met

Although the son of a convert, Lord Gainsborough has proved himself as fervent and as loyal a son of the old faith as if he were descended from a long line of Petres, Welds, or Cliffords; and his youngest son is named Thomas More in honour of the Chelsea sage, who is regarded by members of Lord Gainsborough's Church as one of their most honoured

martyrs. Lady Clare Noel, who is the youngest of three sisters, is the first to marry; her bridegroom is Mr. King, of the Coldstream Guards.

LADY CLARE NOEL, DAUGHTER [OF THE EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. KING, OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



IN THE CHAIR GIVEN TO HIM BY THE QUEEN: THE DUKE OF WESTERBOTTEN, SON OF THE DUCHESS OF SCANIA.

The little Duke, who is the son of the Duchess of Scania, formerly Princess Margaret of Connaught, is here shown in the baby chair given to him by the Queen.

it is apt to become a public danger as well as an undoubted public convenience. There have been numerous fatal accidents during the past few weeks, of which, in the last case, the victim was a child. Sometimes the oddest fate overtakes the omnibus à cheval. One of these antiquated vehicles, so familiar to every tourist, with its elongated body and three white Normandy horses, is now employed to give carriage exercise to the ladies of the harem of Abd-el-Aziz, the demi-Sultan of Morocco. When last seen it still bore its label: "Panthéon—Courcelles." Another omnibus: "Forges d'Ivry—Pont-St. Michel," to give its full itinerary—is now mounted on a barge on the Canal du Midi, and serves as a sort of house-boat. Another was detected at Berne the other day, used as a funeral-car. Several serve as lodgings to the gipsy-folk who live outside the fortifications, in what is known as the military zone. Again, a round dozen or more circulate about the great lakes in Canada.

Bright Spots in Nature.

The American gentleman who for business reasons wears a check suit so highly coloured as to draw serious complaints from several respectable London 'bus horses is beginning to have rivals. A purple man was seen the other day—genuinely, conscientiously purple, not only in his clothes and tie, but also in his hat and boots. His watch-chain, we have reason to believe, was made of purple leather, and his watch was enamelled as much as possible in purple. Moreover, a man clad in complete brown has been descried at Charing Cross Station, but the new roof fortunately bore the strain gallantly. These drastic attempts to change the sombreness of masculine garb are, however, doomed to failure in this commercial age. The utmost we can expect is to see the dress-shirt of civilisation, which is now a wasted blank space, let out for pictorial advertisement.

The Fate of the Paris 'Bus.

The Paris omnibus, whether dead or alive, so to speak, is always an object of interest to the *Parigot*, as the Cockney of *la ville lumière* is called. When attached to a motor



THE HOUSE OF A ROYAL DIVORCÉE: ANNE OF CLEVES' HOUSE IN KEERE STREET, LEWES, SAID TO BE THE OLDEST DWELLING-PLACE IN SUSSEX.

At this house Anne of Cleves took up her residence after she had been divorced by Henry VIII., who made it a condition that she should live in England.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

A BEARD OF BEES—BUT NO BONNET.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



A SWARM OF BEES HANGING FROM THE CHIN OF A BEE-KEEPER,
AND GIVING THE APPEARANCE OF A BLACK BEARD.

Photograph by Halftones, Ltd.



MISS EVELYN BAIRD, WHO IS ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN STANLEY CLARKE, SON OF THE KING'S CHIEF EQUERRY.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

FROM the point of view of the sentimental British public, by far the most interesting of this autumn's royal visitors will be the infant Prince of Asturias. Some rapturous descriptions of his Royal Highness were written and printed before he was many hours old, and those who have had an opportunity of seeing him recently declare that he is a very fine, robust baby, doing great credit to his English-born mother. Yet another little royal visitor who may pay a surprise visit to his great-uncle, Edward VII., is the only son and heir of the Emperor of Russia. The Tsar and Tsaritsa, for reasons which are only too easy to understand, never part with their children, even for a night, and should their Imperial Majesties make a short sojourn in England or Scotland during the next few months, they will certainly be accompanied by the precious Tsarevitch, whose birth in the midst of war's alarms was hailed with ecstatic joy by his father.

An Interesting Engagement.

North of the Tweed Baird of Urie is a name to conjure with; accordingly, the engagement of Sir Alexander Baird's eldest daughter to Captain Stanley Clarke, a son of one of the King's most trusted friends and servants, is a matter of moment in the Court world, and also in that portion of the Highlands where the bride, Miss Evelyn Baird, and her brothers and sisters are so well known and popular. Captain Stanley Clarke's engagement follows on that of his sister, Miss Amy Clarke, to Mr. Arthur Heywood.

Professor of Sneezing.

To teach bridge has, of course, become a common profession in France, and there is the teacher of deportment in the street, who advises on how to avoid the traffic. But, obviously, there are other things that

has started classes in drawing-rooms to teach the aspiring female (among other things) the nice use of the *mouchoir*. He gives lessons on how to yawn and how to sneeze, on how to manage in society a cold in the head. He quotes the most elegant ladies in the past.

There was, for instance, Catherine de' Medici. Catherine, it seems,

was an adept at the sneeze; but then she had a nose of special formation.

An Early October Wedding.

The first of the fashionable October weddings — and the tenth month of the year has always been a special favourite with those about to enter the holy estate — is that of Miss Isabelle Sassoon and Mr. Arthur Humphreys-Owen, of Glansevern. The bride is, of course, a daughter of the famous Anglo-Indian house, various members of which the King delighteth to honour, for she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sassoon, of Grosvenor Place. Her marriage to the popular son of the one-time M.P. for Montgomeryshire will take place on Thursday, Oct. 3. Just a week later will be celebrated the wedding of Miss Breese to Lord Alastair Innes Ker.

An Indefatigable Censor.

Sir James Crichton-Browne is unwearying in his rôle as censor. He has just descended upon the sanctuary of the vegetarians, and covered it with steaks and cutlets, and threatened the garrison with a long-range bombardment of sirloins. You never can tell where you have Sir James. He riddles love at first sight, and declares that it is only a species of cerebral commotion. The speedy motorist he condemns as tending towards homicidal mania. He thumps the skull of the man who prides himself on the size of his hat, and tells him that quality, not quantity, of brain is the factor which counts. He won't let us die till we are all a hundred apiece, and he won't even let us wink without our telling him the eye with which we do it. A terrible Turk is Sir James — one of those fellows who are so confoundedly in the right that it is a waste of time to argue with them. We ought to nationalise him, and insist upon his giving us a lead in the direction of living to a hundred or so, and make him do nothing but utter oracles. Frankly, they would be worth having.



SOCIALISM IN HIGH PLACES: LADY WARWICK'S TEA-HOUSE IN A TREE IN THE GROUNDS OF EASTON LODGE.



BEAUTY THAT MAY BE SHARED BY THE MULTITUDE: THE JAPANESE PAGODA AT LADY WARWICK'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

society person must learn. Diabolo he or she may acquire for themselves, but what about the hundred and one other matters of daily behaviour? For those who have been born in the purple such information comes naturally; but for the *nouveau riche*, for the person who is painfully making his way up the rugged path that leads to social distinction, how shall he learn unless there is someone to teach? So has reasoned an intelligent Parisian, and he



BETTER WORTH WHILE THAN SCHOOLS FOR LADY GARDENERS: THE DAIRY IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN AT EASTON LODGE.



MISS ISABELLE SASSOON, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. EDWARD SASSOON, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. ARTHUR HUMPHREYS-OWEN.

Photograph by Thomson.

WHERE YOUR DEAR FRIEND'S HAIR COMES FROM!

CUTTING THE RAW MATERIAL FOR WIGS.



1. ROBBING MARIE TO GLORIFY LADY MARION; HAIR-DEALERS CUTTING GIRLS' HAIR AT A PARDON IN BRITTANY.

2. REAL HAIR THAT WILL BECOME FALSE HAIR; M. DECOUX CUTTING HAIR FOR WIGS AT CHAMBERET (CORRÈZE).

Those whose hair is their own only because they have paid for it probably give little thought as to whence the raw material for their wigs or transformations comes. Much of the real hair that is destined to be turned into wigs is cut from the heads of women of the peasant class, and there are, of course, no wigs of the first order that are not made of real hair. M. Decoux's firm is one of the most important of those engaged in the hair industry. At 35, Rue Lafayette, Paris, the wigs and transformations he supplies are generally admired; and at 16, Rue de Châteaudun hair of the rarest and most beautiful shades can be obtained by the hundredweight.

Photographs by Hamilton and Félix.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The King's Portraits.

That the King has recently sat once more for his portrait is evidence that his patience and complaisance remain unabated. It is an ordeal to which not all as cheerfully submit, and his Majesty is probably far too kind to admit to an artist that the portrait appearing upon the canvas is not a good one. It is different with those about the King. One of the most striking portraits of the King taken by a photographer has never been published, because someone at Court, disliking the unconventional aspect of his Majesty which this one presented, declined to approve it. The circumstances under which the portrait was taken made it necessary for permission to publish to be gained, and sad was the heart of the photographer that the favour was denied him. It would have shown that the King, even when not snapshotted in the street by a man who needs no official permission to sell his work, does not always wear the same expression and adopt the same pose.

Putting it Frankly.

If the King appreciates fidelity in a portrait, he differs from not a few of his contemporaries. What would a veteran "beauty" say to a portrait of herself upon which the re-toucher had not assiduously worked, smoothing away lines and angles, and restoring to the face its pristine contour? Gladstone once made a painter show his (Gladstone's) mutilated hand. Manning loved frankness less—or was it that the camera had lied? "Do I really look quite so cunning?" he wistfully asked an expert amateur who showed him a proof of the picture for which he had sat. What the photographer said we are not informed. Let it be hoped that his reply was more fortunate than that of a noted sculptor who discussed phrenology with the Cardinal during a sitting. "Tell me, then, where is the seat of conscience?" said the prelate. The sculptor stepped across the studio and tapped the Cardinal on the head. "That's *where it ought to be*," he answered.

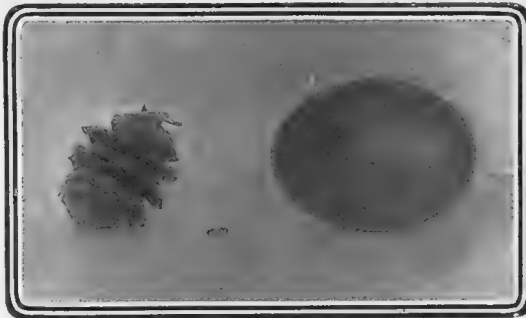
Flowered Fruits.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who is the man of the moment at Llandudno to-day, has a claim to distinction which will appeal to patrons of Saturday's rose show. According to George Francis Train, the American Ambassador was the first man to introduce into the West the Eastern custom

of making not the desert, but the dessert; to blossom like the rose. Train, dining at the Reid table, was invited to partake of fruit. He saw nothing before him but the choicest flowers, and the scent of fruit suggested to his original mind that he was meant to go outside into the garden and pluck for himself the fruit with which the trees were heavy. But the fruit was on the table, hidden by the blooms. That, in Train's august opinion, sufficed to entitle the diplomat to immortality. For Train loved flowers, even as Dean Hole loved them. And with the same fearlessness of contradiction which permitted him to claim the invention of half the useful things in life which made men's fortunes last century, he asserted that he invented the floral buttonhole—that he brought it from Java, gave it to Paris, and then permitted London to adopt it.

Looking Backward.

The critical condition to which things between railway servants and the companies have come recalls the days of difficulty when the men did go on strike, something like twenty years ago. The bulk of the men were for capitulation rather than have recourse to so serious a matter as cessation of work. One man swayed the decisive meeting—and he has never since driven an engine. He occupies a responsible position in another sphere of activity. The world owes something to that man's family—the life of Florence Nightingale. She used to travel in her own carriage slung upon a railway truck, and it happened, one day on a Derbyshire line, that the truck with the carriage and Miss Nightingale inside was uncoupled on an incline. In an instant it began to glide down the slope in the direction of the main line and a tunnel through which a London express was due. A kinsman of the strike-leader saw the danger. Alarm lent wings to his heels. He doubled as for dear life over sleepers and wires and metals to head off the runaway at the points to which it must come. He got there just in time to pull the lever over and divert the truck into a siding, where it slowed down and met without shock the dead-end. The heroine knew nothing of her danger, but she had been nearer death in that minute than many of the men whom she nursed back to health in the days of the Crimea.



A REMARKABLE CONTRAST IN FORMATION: EGGS OF THE SHARK, THE COCKROACH, AND THE EMU PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER.

"Egg-shaped" must be regarded as an indefinite term in view of the illustrations here given, which could, of course, be much enlarged. The shark's egg looks more like a pine-cone than an egg.



DURING DINNER: GOATS AS FOSTER-MOTHERS TO A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

It is not an easy thing to rear baby hippopotami, as the hippopotamus is not a good mother. The baby hippo. in the Paris Museum of Natural History is being brought up on goats' milk, on which it thrives. On the ninth day after its birth it weighed some 97 lb. The baby's mother neglected her offspring from birth, and showed every sign of boredom with it. Nothing will induce her to go near it, much less show any interest in it, and the strange "baby's" keepers were at their wits' end until they hit upon the method of feeding now employed.



THE DOG WHO CALLED UPON HIS OWN DOCTOR: DR. STEVENSON EXAMINING THE JAPANESE COLLIE.

The Japanese collie whose portrait is here given gave a remarkable exhibition of intelligence lately, and even achieved the distinction of having its feat recorded in the "Times." The dog was suffering from an affliction of the right ear, and its master took it to Dr. Stevenson's surgery to be treated. Next day the dog went to the surgery by itself, and as soon as the door was opened jumped on to the operating-table, and remained there until its ear had been treated. Every day for five weeks the dog went to the surgery at 8 o'clock, and took its place on the operating-table.—[Photograph by Lawson.]

GREAT HOAX FROM LITTLE ACORNS SPRING.



COCKNEY CURATE (*beneath an oak*: Mysterious indeed are the ways of Providence! Who would ever dream that that great elm grew from a tiny acorn, like the one I hold?)

ADMIRING SCHOOL-TEACHER: Ah, who indeed, Mr. Footle!

(*The party, duly edified, move on to the next discovery.*)

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THERE is a fatality—or would it be more proper to call it a fatal fascination?—about the part of Ella Seaford, which Miss June Van Buskirk is playing in "The Earl of Pawtucket." It is, by the way, not generally known that she created the part when the piece was produced in America, and gave it up after two or three months in order to come to London. Since then every actress who has played Ella has got engaged, married, and has left the stage. This happened so frequently while "The Earl" was being played over in New York, or "on the road," as touring is called on the other side, that at last the American papers took the matter up, and, to Miss Van Buskirk's amusement, she one day read in the *New York Herald* a long list of the Ellas who had succumbed to the thralldom of little Dan Cupid. So strongly impressed was she with this idea that when Mr Cyril Maude sent for her to offer her the part the first thing she did was to ask if her predecessor at the Playhouse was leaving in order to be married.

Her success has not come without a drop of the bitterness which is always so judiciously mingled by Fate in the cup of joy. Soon after she first came to England she was given a tiny part in a West-End theatre, and was at the same time understudying a much more important and very charming character. One night her chance came; she had to play the important part. Her delight was great when the actor-manager went up to her after the performance and said he was delighted with the way she had acted. Her delight was short-lived, however, for two or three nights later she received a notice that the author did not share in the manager's pleasure, on account of her slight American accent: "slight, very slight, but still it was there," to quote the would-be consolatory words of the actor. Naturally, the young girl nearly wept her eyes out, especially as Sir W. S. Gilbert had been to see her in the part, and said he had not detected a trace of American accent. For two years Miss Van Buskirk had to wait for her vindication. Then it came. The same actor-manager and the same author went to see her play in a piece given by the Pioneer Society. After the performance they went round to see her, and said, "How have you done it? You have completely lost your American accent."

Mr. Gerald Lawrence, whose portrait as Orlando, with that of his wife, Miss Fay Davis, as Rosalind, appeared in *The Sketch* a couple of weeks ago, had an amusing experience with one of the "supers" during the rehearsals of the play, which he was conducting. At a general meet of the courtiers, soldiers, and people one of the "supers" lagged behind. Mr. Lawrence called him up and said, "Why didn't you get off with the others? You saw them all go—why did you remain behind?" "Well, Sir," replied the man, "it wasn't the same cue as I 'ad when I was playin' in this piece

before." Knowing that there was only one possible cue at that particular point, Mr. Lawrence said, "Really: what cue did you have before?" The man looked very sheepish and answered, "Well, Sir, it was like this. The gentleman as used to stand behind me then always used to turn round and say, 'Get off, you d—d fool.'"

Miss Marguerite Leslie, who is playing the leading part in "A Night Out," at the Criterion, has had an experience of which she may well be proud, for she actually caused one of the great Atlantic liners to stop for her. She had taken her passage to

come to London, but by a mischance she did not reach the dock until after the steamer had started. It was imperative that she should travel by that steamer to keep her engagement, and she was, of course, considerably perturbed at the occurrence, which threatened to put out all her calculations. At the dramatic moment, however, a little tug came puffing along. She hailed it, and offered the captain his own terms to chase the greyhound and get on board. It was in vain: the worthy man pointed out that liners never stopped in New York Harbour. However, Miss Leslie insisted on trying her luck in the matter. She got on board, and the little boat went full speed ahead, and eventually overtook the steamer, which had perforce to make its way more carefully through the shipping. That day the miracle of miracles happened. The captain of the liner stopped, and a rope-ladder was let down from the deck to the tug. It was forty feet long, but, nothing daunted, Miss Leslie, without a moment's hesitation, climbed it and was taken on board. It was the only time she ever ran the catching of a steamer so closely.

Miss Mary Jerrold, who is acting with Miss Maxine Elliott at the

Lyric, was once the innocent cause of one of those contretemps which are always so tragic to the actors and so amusing to the audience. She went to America to fulfil a professional engagement, and her mother accompanied her to see her safely and happily settled in the company. She was only with her daughter a fortnight, and said good-bye to her in the middle of the performance one evening, as the steamer was to start at seven the next morning, and she was going on board over night. Both she and Miss Jerrold were a good deal upset, as they had never been parted before, and the actress was to remain in America for some time. The adieux were made during a wait in the second act, and then, with the tears pouring down her cheeks, holding a travelling-bag in one hand, Miss Jerrold's mother walked straight across the stage into the middle of a love scene which was taking place in a rose-garden. She was so engrossed that she did not realise what she was doing until she had effectually interrupted the scene and amazed the house.



A STAGE-PLAY AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: MR. HUBERT CARTER AS PUNCHINELLO, IN "PUNCHINELLO."

"Punchinello," which is a one-act comedy by Mr. Hubert Carter, was put into the bill at the Hippodrome on Monday of last week, with the author in the leading part. The piece was produced at Fulham three years ago, and later at the Court.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

PRESENCE OF MIND!



II.—BRILLIANT PLAN OF TWO GENTLEMEN FOR SAVING A LADY.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. HEINEMANN'S autumn list includes a new novel, entitled "Come and Find Me," by Miss Elizabeth Robins, whose brilliant penultimate book, "The Magnetic North," contributed, on the very last line of it, a phrase to many a household hitherto innocent of reprehensible language. "Damfino," said the hero, if hero there was in the novel, when, at the end of all things, he was asked as to his future. And "Damfino" has exclaimed many a fair reader of Miss Robins when troubled with a question inconvenient in its answer. "Come and Find Me" will, of course, be eagerly scanned for some equally ingenious swear-word with which to baffle the proprieties.

Among the fiction promised in the coming season we find, on E. Grant Richards's list, "The Scoundrel," by Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow, who was recently so lively in "Susan," the tale of a lady's-maid, and in a book of love-letters which has kept the secret of its anonymity better than did Mr. Laurence Housman's English-woman's. I must not divulge Mr. Oldmeadow's secret, although I should hardly be betraying him to those enamoured of his mannerisms of style and vocabulary. I found the marks of the admitted

sailor in many ships, for which he has just written an appreciative introduction. Messrs. Macmillan also have their naval announcement. Lord Dunraven's "Self-Instruction in the Practice and Theory of Navigation" has been revised and enlarged to three volumes. Self-taught navigation (in three volumes) did not enable Lord Dunraven to bring back the Cup from which Sir Thomas has again vowed to quaff a draught of "Lipton's Best." And we doubt if it would in thirty!

Poetry is hard to move, say the publishers, and Mr. Binyon has set his blank verse on the easiest road to popularity. What will not sell in tens in book form will reach hundreds—thousands of ears from the stage. Therefore Mr. Binyon's "Attila" will be more widely known than Mr. Meredith's—the immortal model of all Attilas. How far the tremendous warrior of Meredith's poem has been the model of Mr. Binyon's it is difficult to say, for the Attila who at present is moving about in the flesh and blood of Mr. Oscar Asche is a hesitating, talking Attila, sufficiently unlike the Meredithian hero to exonerate Mr. Binyon from all charges of plagiarism. And yet it is impossible to spend a Hunnish evening



POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS—VI.: THE LUCK-GIVING PIEBALD.

[DRAWN BY TONY SARG.]

"Susan" peppered over the pages of the cryptic book. They revealed the reluctant author. Mr. Oldmeadow will doubtless in time become hardened to a reputation earned as the writer of light books, and smile backwards at his old secrecy; but for the present it seems that he cannot quite forget his graver personality, when, as editor of the *Dome* and conductor of the Unicorn Press, he made himself considerably useful to serious Art and Letters.

The same firm announces "The Unpardonable Sin," by Mr. James Douglas, "The Brass Bowl," by Mr. L. J. Vance, and "The Genteel A.B.," by Mr. A. J. Dawson. The able-bodied seaman has not got into literature so often as the decrepit and wily humbugs who are Mr. Jacobs's favourite models. There is, in fact, much salt in the air of this autumn's publishing season, although we do not discover Mr. Bullen's name upon the lists. Without his name we know we shall be without one phase of life on ship-board. Religion, like most things incidental to humanity, whether they be virtues or vices, goes out to sea, but it so often hinders adventure and takes the rollicking wind out of the sails of weavers of sea-yarns that it is much forgotten. We and the ship's parrot know more of the mariner's curses than of his prayers. But pray he does, and, for all we know, Mr. Bullen may be listening to him at this moment somewhere on the high seas. In that case, we would wish for Mr. Bullen back again, and with a manuscript.

Mr. William Clark Russell, the ancient mariner of sea literature, does not promise us more stories, but he clutches the reader's arm on behalf of "Life on the Ocean," the authentic life-story of a

at His Majesty's without discovering, in a touch here and a hint there, some echo of the genius of Mr. Meredith. His poem is, in truth, too insistent to be escaped by any writer attempting the same theme. At least this is obvious—that Mr. Binyon's audiences would have been greatly losers had he never read his Meredith.

One very effective moment in the play is when Ildico comes out from the chamber of the murdered Attila, and holds her femininity aloft by saying that, thrusting in the sword to the uttermost, she has hurt her hand against the hilt. Her weakness is contrasted with the strength which she has just destroyed. But we can never forget that the destroying hand of Meredith's Ildico was also weak and feminine—

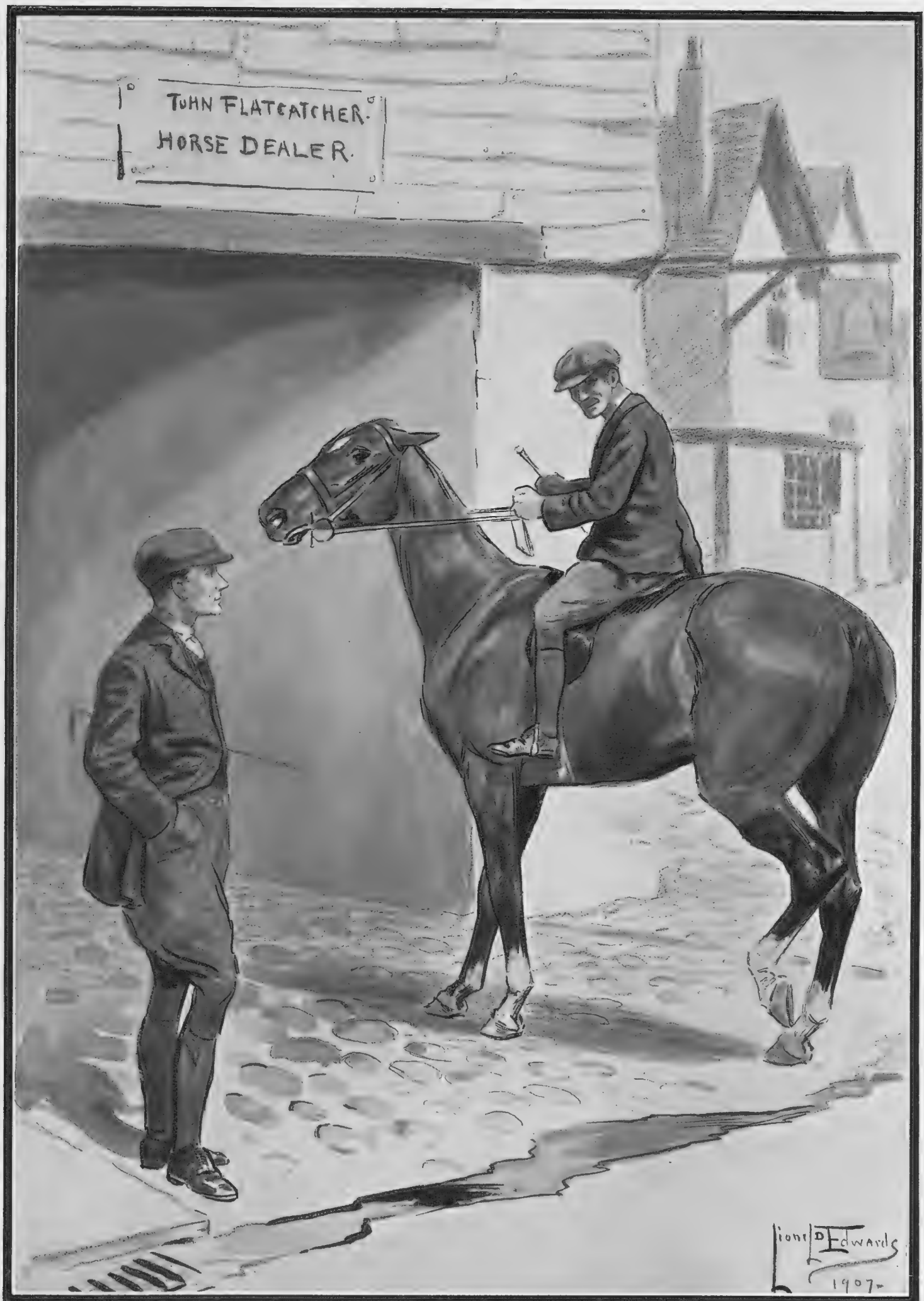
Could a little fist as big
As a southern summer fig
Push a dagger's point to pierce
Ribs like those?

asked Meredith. And later, another dramatic moment of the play is when Attila's captains, discovering their dead chief, turn from Ildico, incredulous of her authorship of the act. That is not Meredith, who, following the blank in history as to Ildico's fate, leaves it confused and uncertain. But one faction of his Huns, all clamouring for the satisfaction of vengeance, like Mr. Binyon's, will not see her guilt. These are Mr. Meredith's words—

Death, who dares deny her guilt!
Death, who says his blood she spilt!
Traitor he, who stands between!
Swift to hell, who harms the Queen!

M. E.

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE.



JONES: Has your master got any horses on sale now?

GROOM: No, Sir, but I reckon Mr. Brown 'as.

JONES: Why?

GROOM: Well, master sold 'im a couple last week.

DRAWN BY LIONEL EDWARDS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE TRIUMPH OF OPPOSITION.

BY F. HARRIS DEANS.



"I," said the young man, "we could only tolerate one another."

"Instead of hating each other," agreed the girl.

"I don't exactly hate you," he said generously; "it is only the idea of being forced to associate with you constantly that is repugnant to me."

"Well, I hate you, anyhow," said the girl. Apparently she meant it.

"When I said I didn't hate you," amended the young man suddenly, "I was only sparing your feelings."

"Thank you," said the girl scornfully.

"When I marry," she continued, "it will be a man who is going to make a name in the world."

"You mean," suggested the young man, "one who tells you he is. I could say it myself, come to that."

"You!" she cried.

"I don't see that it's so absurd," he said shortly.

"Naturally you wouldn't."

"The girl I shall marry," he announced aggressively, "will be one who is capable of thought: a clever girl."

"That's what you say; whereas you'll probably marry a girl who thinks *you* clever."

"Well?" he demanded.

"Nothing," she said; "that's all."

"I suppose," he suggested, after a moment of intense thought, "you think that's smart."

The girl nodded brightly.

"Whereas," he pointed out firmly, "it's merely rude."

"The truth," said the girl, with a far-away look in her eyes, "would naturally appear rude to some people."

The young man leant back in his chair with a sneer, and lit a cigarette.

"Anybody could talk like that," he remarked at length, "if they didn't mind much what people thought of them."

"Well, I don't mind what you think of me," said the girl honestly.

"I suppose not," he assented. "When a girl's been thrown over——"

"You haven't thrown me over," she cried a trifle breathlessly. "I've thrown you over."

"Excuse me," said the young man coldly, "who proposed the marriage?"

"Of course," she said, "if you blame me for my uncle's actions."

"I'm not blaming you at all," he stated; "I'm simply pointing out facts."

"Uncle is a perfect idiot!" she burst out.

"Oh, well," demurred her companion, "it's only natural he should want to see you happy. You've been like a daughter to him."

"That's where he's an idiot," said the girl blandly. "He wants me to be happy and yet marry you."

"Don't you find," suggested the young man mildly, "that it's just as easy to be polite as rude?"

"No," was the decided reply.

"I'm glad," was the genial comment, "you're doing it because it's easier. I was thinking perhaps you thought it was clever."

There was a long pause.

"I daresay some girls might like you," said the girl reflectively.

"That must be a fearful strain on your imagination," suggested the young man.

"Because," she went on conclusively, "even our curate's married."

"That's a pity," said the young man vindictively, having seen both the curate and his wife; "otherwise there might yet be hope for you."

"If you weren't my guest!" cried the girl, rising.

"Pardon me," he protested, "I'm not your guest."

"Oh!" she gasped, gazing round helplessly.

"I'm here as a prospective part owner," explained her cousin. "If I marry you we shall share it between us."

"If *you* marry *me*!" cried the girl, controlling herself with an effort.

"I think that was what uncle said."

"You mean, if I marry you," she cried stormily.

"Comes to the same thing," he argued.

"You needn't look so upset," he went on. "You'll be all right. Horace is bound to suit you."

"What's he like?" she inquired, curiosity overcoming her anger.

"O—h, all right. Bit soft, you know. Doesn't smoke, or drink, or—fact is, he doesn't do anything much."

"And you think he'll suit me?" she said slowly.

The young man nodded.

The girl jumped to her feet.

"You're a horrid, mean cad!" she cried.

"Seems to me," said the young man aggrievedly, "I'm only wasting my time when I try to be nice to you."

"If you have been trying to be nice," she said emphatically, "you are."

With a vindictive glance, she made for the door.

"Where are you off to?" he demanded.

"I'm going to tell uncle that I hate, loathe, and despise you," she said deliberately.

"Tell him you won't marry me?"

"I shall let him—er—deduce that," she said, as she slammed the door behind her.

"So," said the Uncle after dinner that evening, "nothing will induce you to marry?"

"That's about it," said his nephew.

"I'd sooner beg my bread from door to door," cried the girl.

"An unsatisfactory means of getting a livelihood," commented her uncle.

"Horace will be down to-morrow," he continued, "so there will be no need to confine yourself to a bread diet for a few days. I may say, candidly, that I'm very pleased at the decision you've come to. Horace will be a much more suitable match for you, Millicent. You may regard my suggestion as to you—er—coming to some arrangement with John as withdrawn. Even were you to alter your mind I should refuse my consent."

"Milly is of age," said the young man suddenly. "You couldn't stop her if she wanted to."

"Quite so. I meant that my will would be altered in favour of Horace and the Home for Imbeciles. This decision naturally removes any reason for a match between you two."

"Just so," said the young man. "I see what you mean."

[Continued overleaf.]

A ZOO - LOGICAL CONCLUSION.



M. — DE PARIS: Can you tell me, Sir, where is found the new American animal, the Teddy-bear?
 THE ATTENDANT (*of simian countenance*): Teddy-bear! No, Sir, I belongs to the monkey-ouse.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

The girl stole a glance at him.

"Yes," she agreed, "that would remove any—reason."

One afternoon, about a week later, the young man threw down his tennis-racquet with a sigh.

"Just after lunch, too," he said with a gasp.

The girl gave a smile.

"Care to come on the river?" he asked.

"I promised to go out with Horace," was the reply. "He's dressing himself, I believe, for the occasion."

"Right-oh," he agreed carelessly.

"Well, I'm off to-morrow," he added casually.

"To-morrow?" cried the girl. "I thought you were staying another week?"

"Yes; but you see——"

"Because of Horace?"

"We—get on each other's nerves, so, of course, I'm off. You needn't pretend to be sorry."

"I shouldn't think of *pretending* to be sorry," she said indignantly.

"I suppose," began the young man doubtfully, "you don't really mean you—— Hello! here's Horace."

"Quick!" she cried, darting round a clump of laurels.

"What's the matter?" cried her cousin, who was close on her heels.

"Nothing; only I—well, the river will be cooler."

In the boat the girl grew reserved again.

"Well, what do you think of Horace?" inquired her cousin.

"He—he's very nice," said the girl vaguely.

"We're not a bit alike, are we?"

"Good gracious, no!" she cried. "One's quite enough in a family."

"One of whom—Horace or me?"

The girl dabbled her hand in the water.

"Oh, one of each," she replied ambiguously.

"Do you know," said the young man curiously, "if I didn't know you so well I should almost think you meant to be nice."

"Really!" she said, with a laugh. "Of course—of course you *do* know me?"

"Well, rather," was the confident assertion.

"It's a great gift," she murmured, with a half-glance at him, "to be able to judge people so easily."

The young man modestly applied himself to the sculls once more.

"What will Horace say to you when we get back?" she asked suddenly, after a long pause.

"Say? Nothing."

"Oh!"

"What would you say if you were he?"

"Punch my head," said the young man curtly. "I mean punch his—that is, punch the fellow's head who was with you."

"Would you?" She surveyed him with some interest. "Do you mean *really* punch?"

"Yes," he said stoutly, oblivious of the injustice of such a proceeding.

"How lovely!" sighed the girl.

She looked at him dreamily.

"Why?" she asked at length.

"No, you needn't tell me," she cried hurriedly, as the young man rested on his oars.

"Because," he said, disregarding her protest, "life wouldn't be worth living when you weren't with me, and——"

"You mustn't," she cried desperately. "I told you not to."

"You shouldn't have asked at all if you didn't want to hear," he said sulkily.

For a while she leant back in her seat with closed eyes, while he continued pulling stubbornly at the oars.

"What was the other reason?" she murmured at length.

With a few strokes the young man turned the nose of the boat towards the bank, and shipped his oars.

From a window which looked on to the lawn, the old man interestedly watched a retriever sidle up to a bone which lay unregarded by the side of a dozing Irish terrier.

His eye wandered across the lawn to the boat-house. Just then the young couple came from the landing-stage across to the house.

Most unembarrassedly they walked hand in hand. They were in a world where they were the only inhabitants.

A sudden growl again drew his attention to the Irish terrier, now wide awake and gnawing his bone with relish, while the detected thief slunk hurriedly away.

"H'm!", said the old man, with a curious smile.

THE END.



HE COULD NOT BE PROUD ON A FULL STOMACH.

THE MINOR ACTOR'S WIFE: What! They said that about me! I presume, Horace, as my husband, you had something to say to it?

THE MINOR ACTOR: You seem to forget, my love, that they were standing the lunch.

BAD MONEY MORE VALUABLE THAN GOOD! MODERN COINING.



1. EXAMINING THE MODEL COIN, PLACED UPON A PANE OF GLASS, BEFORE TAKING A MOULD OF IT.

3. POURING THE LIQUID METAL INTO THE PLASTER-OF-PARIS MOULD.

5. A FORGED RECEIPT DETECTED BY PHOTOGRAPHY; SHOWING THAT THE AMOUNT 100 MARKS HAS BEEN CHANGED TO 1000 MARKS.

A. ONE HALF OF A MOULD FOR A FALSE COIN.

2. MAKING A PLASTER-OF-PARIS MOULD OF THE MODEL COIN, WHICH STILL RESTS ON THE GLASS, BUT HAS BEEN SURROUNDED BY PASTIE-BOARD.

4. FINISHING THE FALSE COIN WITH A FILE.

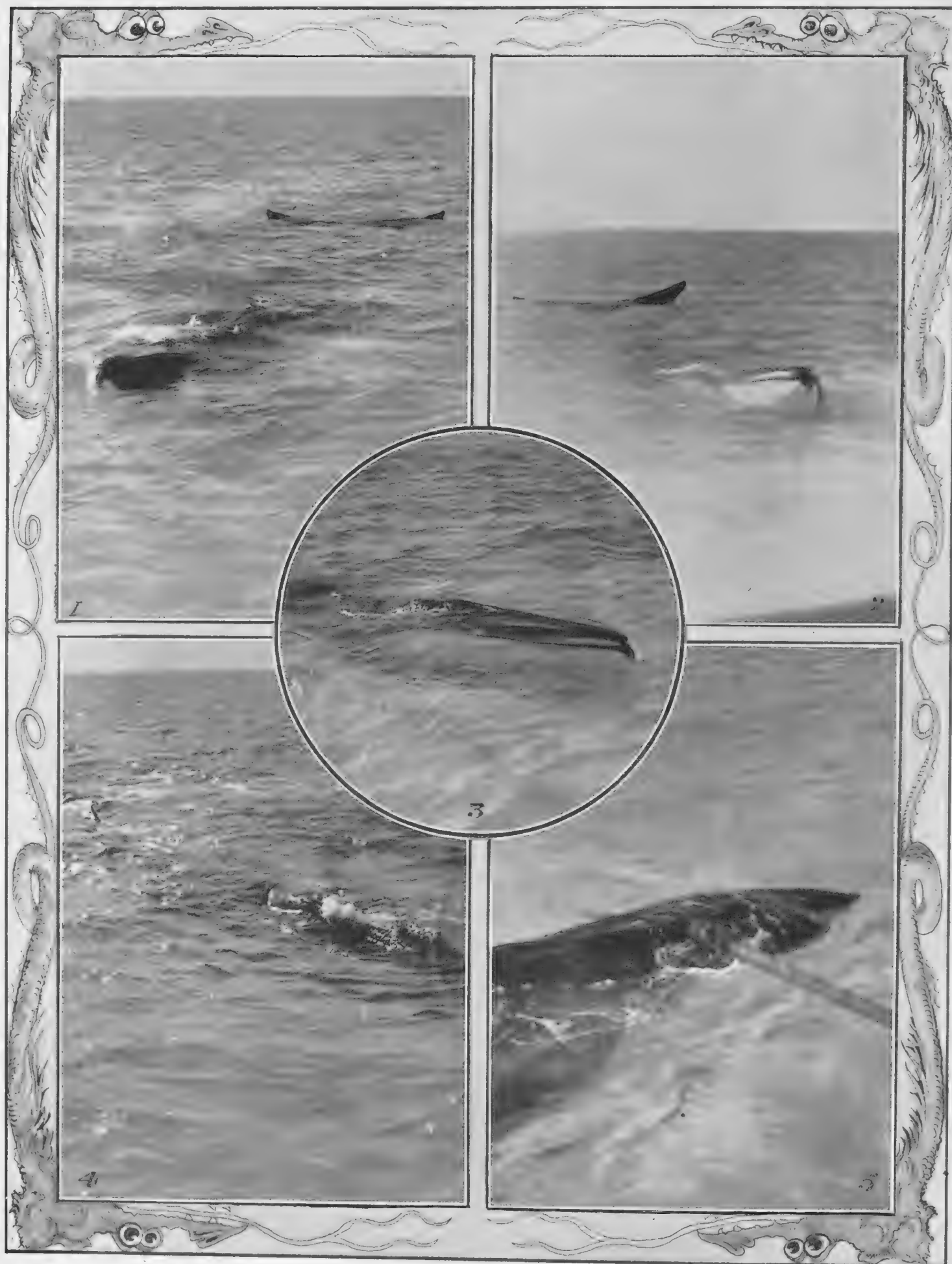
6. A FALSE GERMAN BILL DETECTED BY PHOTOGRAPHY—SEVERAL LETTERS ARE WASHED OUT AND IRREGULAR, AND THE CONTROL NUMBERS ARE NOT CLEAR.

B. THE OTHER HALF OF A MOULD FOR A FALSE COIN.

The coiner of false money found out long ago that it paid him well to make bad money with more valuable material than that which goes to the making of genuine money, for, of course, the mints of all nations draw considerable profits on the coins they issue, the cost of the raw material and the manufacture being a good deal lower than the face-value of the coin in most instances. Once again, the coiner is giving more than money's-worth, in making bad silver money that contains more silver than the good silver money, and this causes his productions to be more difficult of detection than would be the case otherwise. With regard to the forging of bills and receipts, photography is most useful, as the lens has a habit of registering on the plate details that are invisible to the eye even when they are put under the microscope. Thus, in the receipt shown the alteration of the sum from 100 to 1000 marks becomes apparent, as do the alterations in the forged bill.

THE SHARK-STROKING AND SEA-SERPENT SEASON HAS BEGUN:

WHEN THE WHALE IMITATES THE SILLY SEASON SEA-MONSTER.



1. A HEAD-ON VIEW OF THE WHALE.

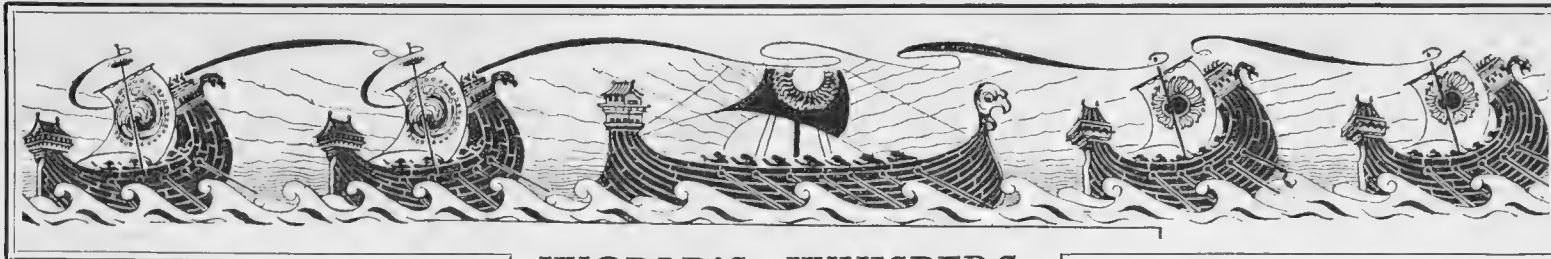
2. A WHALE IN THE WATER, SHOWING THE HEAD AND TAIL.

3. VERY LIKE A SEA-SERPENT! A WHALE'S HEAD, FROM THE SIDE.

4. A WHALE COMING TO THE SURFACE.

5. A WHALE HARPOONED.

At last, despite the many anxious endeavours of those editors and sub-editors who are unfortunate enough to be in town for the silly season, the sea-serpent has made its appearance on our coast and in our columns. In addition to this, Wolfe, the well-known swimmer, has been stroking a shark, or something very like it, during an attempt to cross the Channel. The sea-serpent, it may be mentioned, is vouched for by two Oxford men, one a clergyman, who were recently staying at Tintagel. The fearsome beast is described as "at least 20 feet long, holding its large head—with apparently some kind of a crest or mane upon it—aloft." It has since been thought possible that this sea-serpent is one of the inoffensive ribbon-fishes. Might it not even have been a whale? As may be seen from our photographs, the whale—at times, at all events—contrives to look very like a sea-serpent.—[Photographs by the Tiptical Press.]



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

It is seldom indeed that a god is represented on a postage-stamp. Particular interest is attached, therefore, to the new Nepal issue, on which is depicted Siva Mahadeo. In one hand the god holds an antelope, in the other a trident, intended to symbolise creation, preservation, and destruction. A third hand is stretched out in the act of solicitation, a fourth is raised in forbidding attitude. The necklace of skulls signifies the extinction and succession of the generations of mankind. In the upper corners are the sun and the crescent moon.

Emaciated
Venuses.

A learned doctor's investigations into the natural history of such interesting zoological specimens as aldermen, factory-girls and errand-boys have yielded some astonishing results. He does not say whether he has had his specimens stuffed, but it is evident that some such treatment is greatly needed. "For aldermen," he declares, "are like laths"; factory-girls eat quantities of lemons in the hope of emaciating and etiolating themselves; and the lithe and active errand-boy has become dull and stupid owing to his consumption of chloroform-lozenges. The most serious allegation is that of the lath-like condition of aldermen, which, frankly, we find it hard to believe, particularly when we recall that London Bridge has just been, and Blackfriars Bridge is now being, widened so as to carry one whole alderman walking abreast of himself all the way.

Lemons and Long
Life.

We remember that some years ago an ingenious gentleman arose and explained that if you ate lemons persistently, beginning with one a day and going on in a sort of geometrical progression, you would practically live for ever. He had trained himself up to several hundreds a day when, unluckily, his death interrupted the triumphant vindication of his system. This has evidently now been taken up by the factory-girls, and it is very thoughtless of Sir James Crichton-Browne to interrupt. But the possible relation between chloroform-lozenges and the speed-limit of errand-boys is,

A GOD ON A POSTAGE-STAMP:
THE NEW NEPAL ISSUE.

In the centre of the stamp sits the god Siva Mahadeo, the destroyer, "the supreme god," with his three eyes to denote the divisions of time—past, present and future.

Stamp lent by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., Ipswich.

ONE OF THE TWIN SOULS: MR. EARLE, WHO IS
SEEKING TO MARRY HIS ARTISTIC AFFINITY.

Mr. Earle met Miss Julia Kutner, whom he describes as his artistic affinity, on board ship, and wishes to marry her. Mrs. Earle agrees with his idea, and has arrived in Paris in order that she may institute divorce proceedings, and thus leave Mr. Earle and Miss Kutner free to marry.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

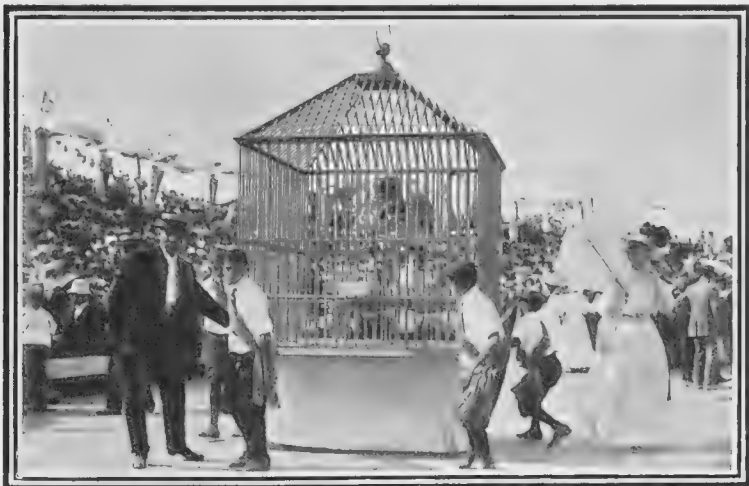
we admit, of high practical as well as scientific interest. We used to think they were geared up, or rather down, with marbles and penny dreadfuls; but chloroform certainly explains everything.

The Truth Abroad.

An Ambassador has been defined as one who lies abroad for the benefit of his country. Sir Ernest Satow, who has been frankly speaking his mind at The Hague upon the iniquity of floating mines at sea, is one of the honest John Bulls who speak the truth at home or abroad, and speak it pretty firmly. The soul of China loves a lie, yet it loves the man who has the skill to detect and the courage to denounce the lie. Just before he left China Sir Ernest declined to attend a reception at the Summer Palace, because the officials directly responsible for the murder of British missionaries had not been punished. Prince Ching, of whose amazing doings we have just had another sample, politely informed him that the guilty parties had all been satisfactorily killed off, and that the barrier had been removed. Sir Ernest knew it was a lie, and he said so, adding that the six murderers were still alive, and that the Court must be informed of his reason for refusing to attend. A queer old lady is the Empress. The sturdy Briton quite won her heart. When he came away she presented him with a pair of pictures of her own painting, which is about as considerable a distinction as she is capable of bestowing.

The American
Fringe.

Society women, who are helping to fill the coffers of the Lyric, where Miss Maxine Elliott is making us all long to share her idyll "Under the Greenwood Tree," catch their breath at the raciness of the idiom. Here, in a play the characters of which are English, the scenes of which are Park Lane and the New Forest, they meet with something the like of which they have not previously known. Unconsciously, or intentionally, Mr. Esmond has drawn heavily upon pure American colloquialisms. He is a daisy for an American fringe to English idiom.



THE BIRD IN THE GILDED CAGE.

BABIES AS THE CHIEF FEATURE OF A PROCESSION: A BABY PARADE IN AMERICA.

Baby parades are very popular in America, and great ingenuity is shown by many of the competitors. It can hardly be imagined that the baby on the perch in the cage shown in our first photograph can take as gleeful an interest in the proceedings as the more fortunately situated spectators.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]



ROCK OF AGES.



MR. CHARLES MANNERS, who is so persistent in his attempts to win the suffrages of the supporters of opera in London, has been telling an interviewer that his recent season at the Lyric cost him £800, without reckoning anything for his own services or the wear and tear of costumes. Since he began to attack the Metropolis, Mr. Manners has been called upon to pay seven or eight thousand pounds for the privilege, but it is his wont to keep up his courage and carry his company to Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, whose worthy citizens brace his spirits, replenish his exchequer, and send him back with high hopes and swollen purse to a fresh campaign in the reluctant capital. Clearly, London is not very enthusiastic and responsive, but let Mr. Manners take heart of grace. Even opera at Covent Garden exists to no small extent by reason of a heavy subscription and the presence of "stars" of the first magnitude; the nights when all the evening stars sing together must pay for those upon which good artists of the second rank strive valiantly, but in vain, to attract enough patronage to pay expenses. In one of the last years of Sir Augustus Harris's rule at Covent Garden, he told the writer that his season's expenses had been eighty-one thousand pounds and his receipts just under eighty-four thousand, so that for all his worry and anxiety and risk he had received a percentage at which a big business-man

would laugh. The experience of the impresario teaches him that the public is not prompt to support a good average performance; give the people something akin to a sensation, and they will part with their money freely and frequently; a respectable achievement does not interest a very large section of opera-goers. This is a great pity, but the pity is 'tis true.

The questions relating to the use of a cathedral for the Three Choirs Festival would seem to have served and sustained some religious papers in the desert of the silly season, much as the manna and quails sustained the Children of Israel when they left Egypt. Canon Gorton has replied very effectively to those who hold it is sacrilege to erect fresh seating accommodation in cathedrals for the sake of a musical festival, and to charge the musical public for admission. If one considers the quality of the performance when the autumn festivals are given in our leading provincial centres, and the nature of the programme, it is hard to see that the stateliest house of worship can suffer contamination. The festivals serve serious musicians,



WIFE OF THE CONDUCTOR OF THE HARROGATE KURSAAL ORCHESTRA: THE HON. MRS. JULIAN CLIFFORD.

The Peerage has now discovered the fascination not only of business but of work, and the Kursaal at Harrogate owes not a little of its brilliance to Lord Henniker's clever, energetic brother-in-law, Mr. Julian Seymour Clifford, and the latter's pretty wife. Mrs. Julian Clifford belongs to a family long held in high favour at Court; she is also one of several charming sisters who are noted for their rather exceptional social gifts—accordingly she is able to help her husband in devising fresh attractions for the only real rival to one of the great Continental casinos of which our country can boast.

Photograph by Sarony and Co.

professional and amateur; they are an expression of what is best in English music; they unite several classes in the service of a high ideal, and, in a sense, they develop the spiritual life of the community. On all these grounds a cathedral is eminently suited for a Three Choirs Festival, and that there should be any serious

objection to its use in this connection is proof that Oliver Wendell Holmes was justified when he appealed for a Society for the Propagation of Intelligence among the Comfortable Classes, and that his justification has outlived him.

Glasgow and Edinburgh take music very seriously, and the orchestral concerts in these cities are of high excellence, though the hours at which they start and close are a little bewildering to the Londoner, who has learned to make use of the night hours to an extent that is almost considered immoral over the Tweed. For the twenty-first series of orchestral concerts arranged by Messrs. Paterson and Son in Edinburgh, several distinguished conductors have been engaged, including Dr. Cowen, Dr. Richter, Herren Felix Weingartner, and Max Fiedler. Bach's wonderful Mass in B minor is to be given for the first time in Scotland's capital by the Edinburgh Choral Union. The Choral Union is celebrating its jubilee this year, and it could hardly do greater honour to the occasion than by handling effectively Bach's great masterpiece.

There have been some interesting concerts at the Queen's Hall in the past week, and the attendance has been large. Perhaps one would welcome a little more judgment in applause, and the appeals for encores could be dispensed with on perhaps two occasions out of three; but enthusiasm, even if it be divorced from discrimination, is better than the indifference that takes the capacity for resolute and sustained attack out of any orchestra. Perhaps the average visitor to the Promenades is most in error when he responds to the soloists: he is apt to applaud mediocrity as though it were twin brother to genius.

Suites for two trumpets and three trombones, written by Johan Pezel some two hundred and twenty years ago, provided an acceptable novelty last Wednesday night, and revealed a very marked excellence in the brass section of Mr. Wood's orchestra. Schubert's fine Symphony was not played to the best advantage on the same night, and on Thursday Mr. Granville Bantock's "Lalla Rookh" was heard for the first time. Mr. Bantock is a serious musician; he has written a couple of one-act operas, together with cantatas, tone-poems, overtures, string quartets, ballets, masses, and part-songs. In short, he may be said to have ranged over the whole field of composition, and as he is still on the sunny side of forty, his travels may be prolonged considerably; while his long and honourable association with British music has given him a wide and responsive audience. His new work is interesting rather than inspiring, and reminds the listener that music knows countless ways of delivering a very short message at very great length and with much needless elaboration. Mr. Bantock has a very distinct feeling for Eastern subjects, but between sympathy and inspiration there is a very deep gulf, and one feels that the composer has not bridged it on this occasion. The work was received with enthusiasm, but, as we have said, enthusiasm is very plentiful at Queen's Hall just now.

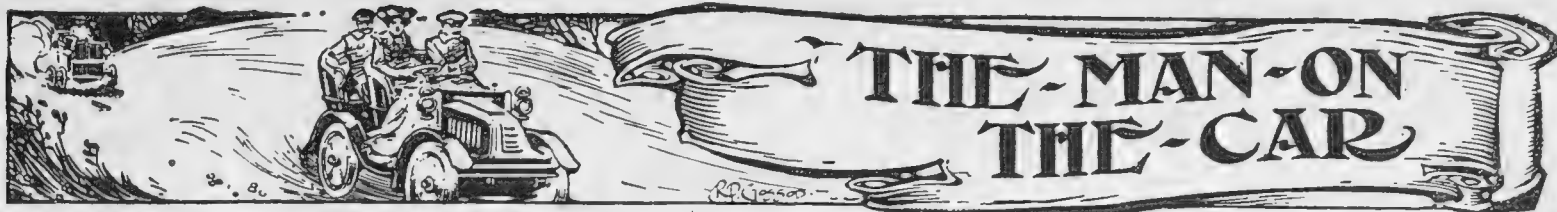
COMMON CHORD.



THE YOUNG VIOLINIST WHO IS WRITING A BOOK: MISS MARIE HALL.

Miss Hall has just reached England after her long tour through Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. She has announced her intention of writing a book on her experiences.

Photograph by Charles Cook.



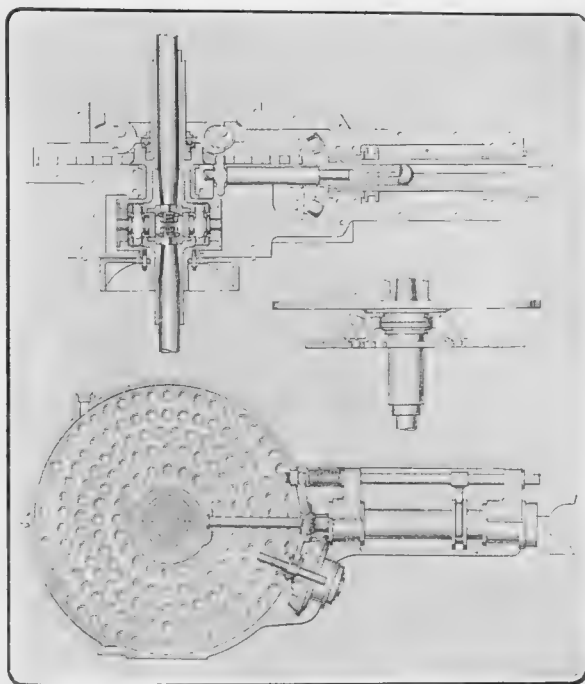
IMPROVED ATTRACTIONS AT BROOKLANDS—VALUABLE RACES—INTERESTING RESULTS FOR PURCHASERS—HERMAN'S FATAL SMASH—
NO BLAME TO THE TRACK—DUNLOP DOINGS ON THE BRESCIA CIRCUIT.

AS I foreshadowed a week or so ago, the "First" horse-power races at Brooklands proved a great success, the most interesting from the average car-purchaser's point of view being the events for 26-h.p. and 40-h.p. cars. The horse-power is calculated upon the Club formula, which, put mathematically, is $\frac{D^2 \times N}{2.5}$ when

D equals the diameter of the cylinder in inches, N the number of inches, and 2.5 is an agreed constant founded upon average piston speed. As formulæ are anathema to the multitude, I might just put the method of resolving the above equation quite simply, so that all who run may account for themselves. It is only necessary to know the diameter-bore of your cylinders in inches, multiply that dimension by itself, then multiply the product by the number of cylinders in your engine, and divide the result by 2.5, or 2.5, as the fancy dictates. Take, for instance, a four-cylinder engine, 4-in. bore, then $4 \times 4 = 16$; $16 \times 4 = 64$; $64 \div 2.5 = 25.6$; so that, according to Club rating, that 4 x 4 four-cylinder engine is 25.6-h.p.

In the 26-h.p. race three of the entered cars totalled 25.6-h.p. each, three were 24.8-h.p., one was 22.5-h.p.,

of the three Mercédès competing in the late French Grand Prix on the Circuit de la Seine, and ran on Michelin tyres on the occasion of the Brooklands wins.



A NOVEL TRANSMISSION: THE HUMPHRIES GEAR—LIVE-AXLE
PLAN AND ELEVATION.

That a serious accident would occur at Brooklands sooner or later was a foregone conclusion, not that the construction of the track is conducive to mishaps—indeed, this is quite the reverse—but that in contests of the kind, in which speeds of 100 miles per hour are occasionally attained by comparatively fragile vehicles, the inevitable must happen. Nothing could be sadder than the terrible fate which overtook Mr. Vincent Herman at the completion of the "First" 60-h.p. race on the 14th inst, but now that the surrounding incidents can be reviewed, and the evidence of those who watched the movements of the car taken, it is clear that the mishap was entirely attributable to the unhappy driver losing his head, and failing altogether. To reduce speed after he passed the winning-post in the sixth position. Even then it is more than probable that the worst would not have happened had he elected to go right over the bank rather than to turn down over the cement again.

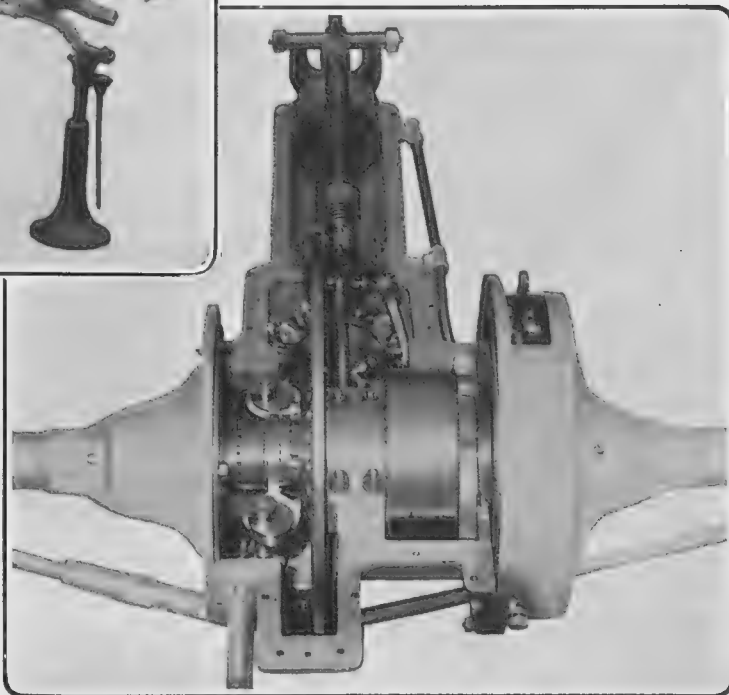


THE HUMPHRIES GEAR, SHOWING THE COMPLETE TRANSMISSION AS APPLIED TO A CAR.

and one—curiously enough, the winner—21-h.p. The latter was the Germain, a car built in Belgium, which has done extremely well both here and abroad in similar events. British-built cars—namely, the 25.6-h.p. Arrol-Johnston, and the 25.6-h.p. Humber—were second and third. In the 40-h.p. race British cars were first and second, the 38.4-h.p. Napier being first, and the 40-h.p. Iris second, with the 35.7-h.p. Darracq third. Two sensational wins were credited to Mr. E. G. Drabble in the first 90-h.p. race, and the Mercédès Handicap Sweepstakes respectively. The car driven by this gentleman was the best

THE HUMPHRIES GEAR

Consists of a plate having concentric rows of holes, which replaces the crown wheel on the back axle of the ordinary live-axle car. Into these holes engage circular stud-like teeth on a small pinion, which takes the place of the driving pinion of the live-axle car. By ingenious but simple mechanism the plate slides back laterally, and the pinion moves along from one row of holes to another when the gear is changed in the process of driving. Since there are only six teeth on the driving pinion and twenty on the high-gear row of holes, and the teeth have to bear the whole stress of the transmission, the absence of wear on this pinion is very satisfactory. In case of replacement it can be retailed to the public for cars up to 20-h.p. for about five shillings, as compared with the ordinary form of toothed pinion, costing several pounds. The driving-plate, which is in substitution of the crown wheels, gears, and gear-box of the ordinary car, could be retailed at a price slightly below that actually charged normally for the crown wheel alone. The result is to obtain a number of variations of axle speed, all direct drive on the forward speed, with only one transmission plate or wheel and one pinion.



THE NEW TRANSMISSION, SHOWING THE CAM MECHANISM
TO DISENGAGE THE PLATE.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

It will be more than readily admitted that nothing could put a more trying strain upon pneumatic tyres than the two races of the Brescia circuit. In the Coup de Vitesse, Demogeot's Darracq ran right through on one set of Dunlop tyres; while in the Florio Cup the Darracq stopped once for tyre trouble, and a tyre was changed, but only because the detachable rim carrying it required replacement. This car also ran on Dunlops. In the matter of Demogeot's big car, I hear that one stud only had disappeared from the back tyres, and that the cross-cut covers on the steering-wheels showed absolutely no sign of wear.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

NEWBURY—AUTUMN HANDICAPS—WINNING OWNERS.

THERE is certain to be a big crowd at the Newbury Meeting on Friday and Saturday, and the race for the cup on the opening day is very likely to provoke no end of speculation, and its result may teach us something about the autumn handicaps. It is a remarkable fact that backers have done very badly at Newbury up to now; yet the course is a perfect one in shape, but I fancy the going is a bit dead in places. Mr. John Porter can be left to remedy all this in the course of time. One reason for the popularity of the meeting is the perfect railway service; and I, for one, think it is a great pity that there are not more race-meetings on the Great Western system. Trains do the fifty-four miles to Newbury at the rate of a mile a minute, seemingly without an effort, and the carriages travel so smoothly that it is possible to write easily when travelling at full speed. Another adjunct to the success of the meeting is the patronage accorded the races by the local people, who seemingly are a sporting lot. Dwellers in Reading turn up by the hundred, while excursions are run from the Welsh towns, also from Bristol, Salisbury, and Portsmouth, to say nothing of the loaded trains which are continually arriving from the Midland towns. Newbury, then, is such an important fixture that I, for one, think it ought to be allowed open dates, and not be made to clash, as it sometimes does, with big meetings in the North of England. The present fixture, I am glad to note, misses opposition, which is lucky, as the big fields promised should find employment for all the available jockeys.

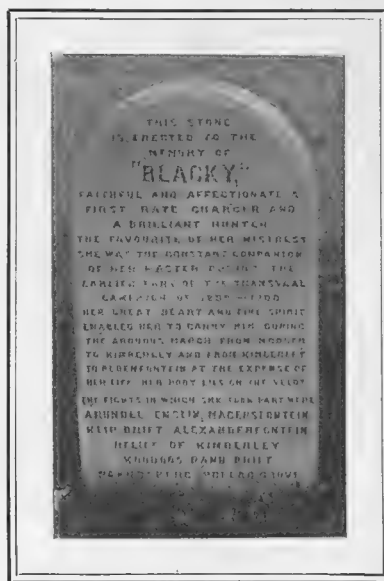
Tips are becoming very plentiful for the Cesarewitch, although the race will not be run until Oct. 16. As I have stated before, Baltinglass must have a big chance on his second to Wool Winder in the St. Leger, and I certainly think he will be the pick of Gilpin's lot, as Hammerkop is, I believe, a light of other days. William P'Anson is supposed to hold a very strong hand with Spate, Mintagon, and Mondamin to choose from. The talent have fastened on to the last-named, but, unless my information is greatly at fault, Spate will be the selected of the stable. This horse has been held in reserve for something, and I think he is a bit above the ordinary class of long-distance performers. The Page always runs well over this course, and he may go close without quite gaining the spoils. Royal Dream is a thorough stayer—we saw that at Goodwood—but he has quite enough weight to carry. For those who are fond of a long shot I commend Sandboy, who cost his present owner £3000. The horse is a stayer, and he is said to have regained some of his speed; 7 st. 11 lb. is not a prohibitive weight, and he may go close. I think Alec Taylor will win the Cambridgeshire, and I am told that

the pick of his lot will be Gold Riach. This horse has not shown his finest form this season up to now, but when at his best he is a smasher. Sam Darling has a strong candidate in Acclaim, while it is said the chief of F. Day's lot will be Tirara. A standing dish for this race is Dean Swift, who has his very good and very bad days. Some of the 'cute speculators, are going for Roseate Dawn, who should go close if he misses the Duke of York Stakes. I am told, however, that he is certain to run at Kempton, where, on paper, he looks to be very well in. Judging from the lively speculation that has taken place already, the autumn handicaps should this year be interesting.

His Majesty the King has up to now won five races, value £2944. Slim Lad has won one race, Pearl of the Loch, two, Coxcomb one, and Simpatica one. This is not a great record, but it might have been worse, and it is just on the cards that the royal colours may be carried to victory in a big handicap before the season closes. Mr. W. Hall Walker heads the list of winning owners, thanks in the main to White Eagle; while Mr. W. B. Purefoy, who comes second in the list, has captured his whole total, £11,555, by the aid of Lally, who won three times. Mr. S. B. Joel has had a good season, despite the fact that Prince William has proved such a failure. Colonel E. W. Baird, who comes fourth in the list, has won nine races, eight of which fell to the lot of Wool Winder, who many will always think should have beaten Orby for the Derby. One of the likeliest of our latter-day owners is Mr. A. Bendon, the wealthy stockbroker who trains with Captain Dewhurst. This is his first season, yet he has captured eight races, value £3405, with four horses. Mr. J. Buchanan, who has spent a fortune in the purchase and breeding of bloodstock, has won ten races, but the amount would hardly pay expenses. He owns a dreadful disappointment in Noctuiform, who has for some time been going to score, but he has yet to do it. The Manton stable has done fairly well, with more good prizes to follow. The Kingsclere stable has not had a very flourishing time, but I do hope its time will come, as Willie Waugh is a capable trainer, and he has for masters some of the real pillars of the Turf. Lord Rosebery employs three trainers, and he has a long string of horses in training. He has won eleven races, value £3879, which is not so much as his pluck deserves. His Lordship employs good men in Sam Darling, Blackwell, and Percy Peck, and it may be that he will presently find another Derby winner. Let us hope so.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



IN MEMORY OF A WAR-HORSE: THE MEMORIAL ERECTED TO GENERAL WAUCHOPE'S CHARGER.

As may be seen by the inscription on the stone, the charger died in South Africa during the recent war.



DOBBIN'S BROOKWOOD: THE HORSE'S CEMETERY AT LEWES, SUSSEX.

The first of our two photographs shows the curious and elaborate grave of horses that belonged to Miss Rickman. This lady had her pets buried on trusses of straw, and on the stone that is over them is the inscription: "To the fondly cherished memory of the dearly loved Peter and Daisy. So friendly in life; united in death, 1899.—Ages unknown."

Photographs by the Topical Press.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Let Us Sleep.

A sensible person—presumably a doctor—has been telling his harassed contemporaries in the *American Magazine* to sleep as long and as often as they can. It is all grand news for the indolent and the over-fatigued. Small school boys and girls should not be routed out of bed at unearthly hours on dark winter mornings to get up and do brainwork before they have “had out their sleep.” Moreover, you are adjured to take a nap lasting from twenty minutes to an hour after the mid-day meal. This is a custom which, though it flourishes in the strenuous and efficient Fatherland, is by no means universally in favour in these islands. I wish it were. There are scores of people—otherwise blameless citizens—who never feel so restless or so inclined for fatiguing adventures as the moment they have lunched. These persons will always seek to seduce you into a ten-mile walk, will challenge you to feats of prowess, or failing these, will engage you in some heated and futile argument the moment you rise from table. I know a very clever man who maintains that the hours from half-past two to half-past four are the most dreary, empty, and wearisome of the day. Let us, then, hearken to the American doctor, and sleep through part of them if we can.

The Girdle of Amaryllis.

The girdle of the modern nymph is represented by a stout leather belt, sometimes studded with nails, always uncompromisingly utilitarian-looking, and it is this weapon of offence that we are asked to believe is going to be dragged into a seventeen-inch circumference. Personally, I put about as much credence in these alarmist rumours (which occur with pleasing regularity) as I do in those picturesque accounts of the sea-serpent which endear to us the correspondence in the morning papers at this autumnal season. For we are always being threatened with the wasp-waist; but, except in the case of a few foolish women of all ages, it somehow never “arrives.” The fact is that the exaggeratedly tiny belt looks second-rate, and suggests at once the smart shop-girl and the mannequin; it is, moreover, never seen on any of the famous “good dressers”—and their numbers are nowadays many—in English Society. And so constituted are our women-folk that they would liefer resemble the pictures and photographs of ladies in the great world than the most svelte young girl from Kay’s who ever walked down Bond Street.

Ballads and Bankruptcy.

The enthusiastic Frenchman who declared that he cared not who made his nation’s laws so long as he might make its songs must have been an optimist with little practical experience of life, for the writing of famous ballads would seem to lead the composer inevitably to an unhonoured old age and the direst pecuniary distress. Fortunately for themselves, women are more given to the singing than the making of songs, so that they do not often fall so low as the composer who sets millions of mouths humming a

popular tune. The man who wrote “Wait till the Clouds Roll By” must have given innocent solace to countless contemporaries, and yet the other day he was taken up by minions of the law for playing a concertina on the kerbstone. The gods have dealt ironically with the unfortunate ballad-maker, for who knows if it were not his own once-famous composition which Thomas Maguire was playing to a new and unheeding generation when he fell into the clutch of the law?

The Seductive Street.

A number of masculine persons have been asked, in a popular magazine, to give their vote for the most interesting London street. But why only men should have been asked their opinion on so human a topic is not quite clear. For what would the thoroughfares of the town be without the ladies, or the ladies without the streets and squares and parks in which to show themselves? In summer-time, Regent Street, Oxford Street, Piccadilly, and Park Lane resemble, with their multitudinous petticoats and parasols, endless, variegated flower-beds; and the couple of writers who select St. James’s Street—where no woman penetrates on foot—as the most interesting road in town must be misogynists of the first water. Mr. Ashby-Sterry, who chooses Bond Street, is not only paying the women-folk a delicate compliment, but proving that he is a real connoisseur of London, for in truth there is no more seductive street on this wide globe. For it is not only the morning parade of the prettiest women in town, but on each side of its narrow pavements one may feast, for nothing, on the rarest prints, the most priceless faience, the most brilliant gems, and all the pomps and vanities of a wicked but agreeable world.

An Unknown English Dramatist!

Pageants and Pastoral plays have been much to the fore this summer, but whether either historical show or Shakespearean performance has added to the sum of wisdom and happiness is still a moot point. Probably Hodge never witnessed the local pageant, but if he did, one wonders what effect it had on his intellect? The question leaves one thoughtful. A while ago I was invited to a garden-party in Kent to witness an open-air theatrical performance. I could not go, but the other day, being in the neighbourhood, I motored over to see the giver of the fête, and, in his absence, was shown over the gardens and grounds by a young and tolerably stolid footman. “Who were the plays by which were performed the other day?” I inquired, as we traversed rose-garlanded paths and admired vistas of velvet lawns. “One was by Mr. Bertie,” he said; and then, after a pause—“I couldn’t tell you who wrote the other.” But, on departing, he handed me a programme of the party, and I then discovered that the other play was written by an obscure dramatist who flourished in the sixteenth century. The unknown piece was “Twelfth Night.”



AN EVENING GOWN FOR THE AUTUMN SEASON, IN METEOR SATIN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the “Woman-about-Town” page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THERE is nothing very exciting in the way of dress to record at present. Quietly everything is being prepared for the autumn season, which will begin about the middle of next month.

Hats are more expensive than ever. Modistes who do not supply them begin to complain bitterly that their clients spend much more in proportion on hats than on dresses. The complaint used to be made by the milliners. In Paris it is quite usual to charge fifteen and twenty guineas for a capeline trimmed with real lace and elaborate aigrettes of feathers or flowers. The latter, when up to date and specially well made, cost as much as feathers. Fruit will be seen a great deal on autumn hats in conjunction with flowers or feathers. It is also very beautifully made, and, in consequence, costly. In every way women are spending more on their heads than they used to do. They are better dressed and more charmingly ornamented than they were. The effect is very beneficial to the *tout ensemble*.

We shall see little more of the kimono either as over-bodice or bretelle. Frenchwomen have never taken kindly to it because it blurred the outline of the figure too much. It is decreed now that this is to be clearly and sharply defined. Skirts will be plain round the hips and closely fitted, while from the knees down they will be elaborately trimmed with flat trimming. It is quite likely that sleeves will be of a more ethereal fabric than the dress, while it is certain that the most up to date will be long and tucked or rucked. Pansy purple seems to be first favourite in colour, while tomato, flamingo, and cherry reds will rival copper, bronze, and brown reds. All shades of green will be worn.

Unique specimens in ornament or dress are specially valued in these days, when money commands all there is of the best, and cheap imitation defies exclusiveness. The veil, therefore, that was worn by Mrs. Raymond Asquith at her wedding must be rarely prized. It was made by the nuns for Mary Queen of Scots, and a border of medallions—like inscriptions—was later added by the Jesuits. It came into the bride's family through Cardinal Yorke. Very precious, also, to their owner must be a collection of butterflies correctly copied in enamel from natural specimens. These she spends money upon rather than on jewels, and has them to match or to contrast effectively with any dress. In this way she manages effect and individualism together. The conventional jewel display will, however, never go out. It has been handed down through so many generations. Eve probably began with necklets and tiaras directly she left the Garden of Eden.

The love of beautiful jewels is inherent in the nature of womankind—witness the success of the Parisian Diamond Company. It caters, too, for the craze that exists for pearls. Whatever the secret may be, they produce these gems in fair competition with the oyster, and manage to undersell that bivalve in the most extraordinary way.

Many a woman actually looks forward to the winter. The reason is not that it is so pleasant a time in London, but that it is the season for furs, in which she is conscious that she looks quite her best. The other day a friend on furry thoughts intent showed me such a beautifully got-up and illustrated brochure called "The World's Furriers." It gives all the very latest models in fur garments for every possible occasion. They are most fascinating, because each illustration is really a pretty picture, most useful also as showing at once the advantages of the many and widely differing styles in which the furrier's art is exercised. It is issued by Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, who are the World's Furriers in question. On the outside is a little medallion of a girl in an early Victorian bonnet holding up an ermine grannie muff, which is so charming that one wanted to cut it out and hang it up within the range of vision. The brochure is worth obtaining, it is so admirable from cover to cover.

The discussions in the daily papers about the best kind of food, raised by Lady Pirbright's clever letter on dinnerless diners, are very amusing. Never was there a truer proverb than "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." It holds good, too, for such of us womenkind as diet for either face or figure or both. The only general principles applicable to the leisured and to the officially working classes is eating too much and exercising too little! It is embarrassing to a hostess in these days to give dinners to suit all her friends, and the drinks are also difficult to arrange. There is as fine a cult in mineral waters to-day as there was in wine thirty years ago.

On "Woman's Ways" page is an illustration of an evening gown for the coming autumn season, wherein it is predicted we shall have many parties. It is of soft meteor satin, and is trimmed with a fine kilting edging a band of rose-buds and leaves round the hem. This chiffon trimming is repeated round the décolletage.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS: SEPTEMBER.

BANDS.

IL CONTE D'ESSEX. (Mercadante.) WEDDING MARCH. (Mendelssohn.) Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards.

TAKE A PAIR OF SPARKLING EYES. ("The Gondoliers.") (Sullivan.)

CORNET SOLO, by Musician Hawkins.

A DERVISH CHORUS. (Sebak.) LA MARSEILLAISE. (Rouget de L'Isle.) Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards.

REGIMENTAL CALLS (No. 2). Buglers of H.M. Coldstream Guards.

VARIATIONS ON AMERICAN MELODIES. (Leoncavallo.) La Scala Orchestra.

CONCERT MUSIC.

I'LL SING THREE SONGS OF ARABY. (Clay.) A FAREWELL. (Liddle.) Mr. Edward Lloyd.

CIRLO E MAR ("GIOCUNDA"). (Ponchielli.) Mr. John Coates.

THE CARRIER DOVE. LIKE STARS ABOVE. (Squire.) GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE. (Hatton.) Mr. John Harrison.

IN A DISTANT LAND. (Taubert.) THE DOVE. (Old Welsh Melody.) Mr. Hirwen Jones.

WRAP ME UP IN MY OLD STABLE JACKET (with chorus). Mr. Robert Radford.

THE SENTRY SONG ("IOLANTHE"). (Sullivan.) Mr. H. Lane Wilson.

COME, EVER-SMILING LIBERTY ("JUDAS MACCABEUS"). (Handel.) Miss Perceval Allen.

DUETS.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? (Sargent.) Messrs. John Harrison and Robert Radford.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS. (Walthew.) Miss Perceval Allen and Mr. Albert Archdeacon.

QUARTET.

SWEET AND LOW. (Barnby.) Miss Perceval Allen, Madame Dews, Mr. John Harrison, and Mr. Robert Radford.

CHOIR.

VENI DOMINE. VESPERS AND COMPLINE. Westminster Cathedral Choir.

HUMOROUS.

ROB ROY MACINTOSH. Mr. Harry Lauder. THE MAYOR OF MUDCOMDYKE. Mr. George Robey.

AND IT'S DONE BEFORE YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE. Mr. Alfred Thomas.

THE SHADY SIDE OF BOND STREET ("MY DARLING"). Mr. Walter Miller.

INSTRUMENTAL—PIANO.

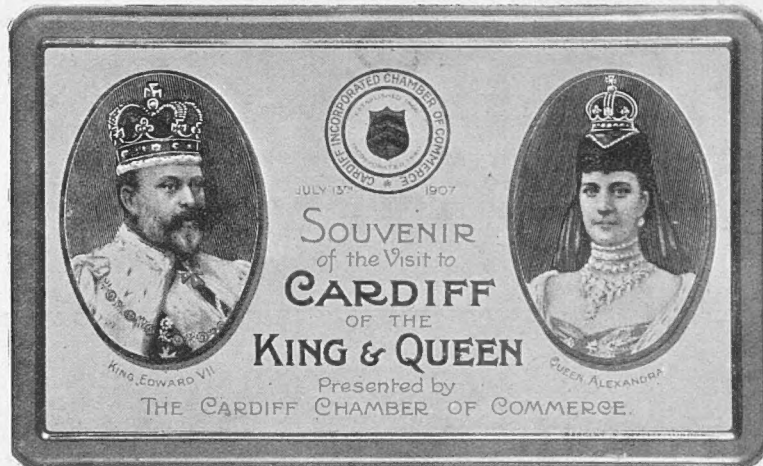
LA FILEUSE. (Raff.) WALTZ (No. 7). (Chopin.) M. Vladimir de Pachmann.

FLUTE.

AULD ROBIN GRAY. Mr. de Jong.

Once again the Gramophone Company has issued a number of noteworthy records, and again, of course, the list has certain outstanding features. Most necessary to be mentioned, perhaps, are M. Vladimir de Pachmann's rendering of "La Fileuse" and a Chopin waltz; Mr. Robert Radford singing "Wrap me up in my old stable jacket," Mr. Edward Lloyd in "I'll sing thee songs of Araby" and "A Farewell"; and the humorous songs "Rob Roy Mackintosh," sung by Mr. Harry Lauder, and "The Mayor of Mudcomdyke," sung by Mr. George Robey. Other excellent new records are

Madame Calvé singing "Voi la sapete," from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Habañera," from "Carmen"; and Madame Melba singing Tosti's "Matinata" to her own accompaniment, and giving her famous rendering of the mad scene in "Lucia di Lammermoor."



GIVEN TO CARDIFF SCHOOL-CHILDREN AS A MEMENTO OF A ROYAL VISIT.

We illustrate here the enamelled tin box containing chocolate which the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce presented on Friday last to 40,000 school-children of that city, in order to commemorate the recent visit of their Majesties and H.R.H. Princess Victoria, who have graciously accepted specimen boxes. The execution of this order was entrusted to Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Limited, of Bristol and London, makers to H.M. the King.

Special efforts have been made to render the United Kingdom Tea Company's exhibit at the Grocers' Exhibition more than usually attractive this year. The three ladies in their pretty national costumes—representing England, Scotland, and Ireland—are familiar all the world over as the Company's trade-mark, and the fame of the celebrated "U.K." teas has spread to every corner of the globe. The company enjoys the distinction of being Tea Merchants to his Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Autumn by the seaside! Why not? That would be delightful, were it possible. Possible! Blackpool says it is a fact; and to prove it, the town is embarking on a new enterprise, which is most noteworthy, even among the many progressive developments of this borough. They who only Blackpool know when it is bathed in summer sunshine know not their Blackpool. It has autumnal charms quite its own, as very many inland dwellers are aware; but to the vast numbers of people in our great industrial centres, a visit to Blackpool in the autumn season is a real pleasure in store. That the new autumnal venture is regarded with favour is evident by the way the railway companies are supporting it. Confidence in the generous and seasonable programme of autumnal attractions has led the railway managers to extend the advantages of the cheap and frequent services of the summer months right through the month of October. The facilities now offered for getting to and from Blackpool at this period of the year are such as have never been available before, especially in regard to Yorkshire towns, the East Lancashire centres, the Liverpool District, and the Midlands. Blackpool's charms are many: it has fine scenery, a grand expanse of promenade, a fine fleet of pleasure-steamers, and speedy and comfortable electric-cars, every few minutes to Fleetwood and the intervening villages on the north and to St. Annes and Lytham on the south. To those whose pleasure is found in promenading by the sea, there is the choice of three favourite piers, of a couple of miles of fine marine parade, or of three tiers of walks, of a mile in extent, in Claremont Park. The devotees of the ancient and royal game of golf may drive and putt on the magnificent links. Entertainments in the evening are given at the pretty theatres, at the Palace, and on the parquet floors of three luxurious ball-rooms; while there is choice concert-music in the Pier Pavilions, and the latest Continental varieties at the Winter Gardens.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 9.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

NOSTRUMS are being prescribed for us on all hands by physicians eager to show us the short way to cure all our financial woes and to re-establish our business constitution. We are told by every Tom, Dick, and Harry who boasts a few years' experience in Stock Exchange paths that we must cast away the Rules that fetter our liberty: that we must insist upon being allowed to advertise, that we must abolish the Rule forbidding speculation with non-principals, that we must forego jobbers—those costly luxuries!—and decline to deal in shares of companies which don't issue a proper prospectus. So much for the outsiders. From inside we are tormented with reformers who pin their faith to the fixing of a minimum scale of commission, the abolition of shunting and of brokers dealing for one client with another client. You see, there is no lack of physic offered us. And you may also observe that nothing is done. Nor will be done, until next March. Then—we shall see what we shall see.

Tanganyikas slumped in a manner that took the breath away from their supporters. Of course you will have noticed, if you are interested, the various reasons advanced for the slump. Each of them is as likely to prove correct, or incorrect, as the other. When the shares stood at 5½ there was a tip to buy them for £8. It came from the best disinterested authority that could be imagined—an authority almost invariably, and accurately, opposed to Kaffirs. So the tip was circulated, it being strongly emphasised that it was meant as a pure gamble, for a quick turn; no waiting for fancy figures like 8. The turn came, but without warning the slump followed so hard upon its heels that many Stock Exchange buyers—and others too, no doubt—were left with the shares a heavy loss upon their hands. What course to pursue now it is difficult to see. My own belief is that the shares ought not to be sold, that they might be picked up if anything like 3½ is reached, to be turned out again upon a rally. While to hold as a speculative investment by those who got landed with them, I should say that Tanganyikas are as promising as anything in the Kaffir Circus.

The history of the Pahang business is an interesting one. There were the 2000 square miles of land full of what "Linesman" might in an unguarded moment call potentialities; there was every indication of mineral wealth, and—there was no money, and the lease was on the point of running out. To save the situation, a little company called the Malay Exploration Syndicate was hastily formed, money put up, and by prompt measures combined with energy, the lease was renewed for seventy years. After much labour a scheme was evolved whereby the old Pahang Corporation, the Pahang Kabang, and the Malay Syndicate became amalgamated into the present Pahang Consolidated, which has a nominal capital of £250,000, of which £150,000 is in 5s. shares (£125,000 issued), and the rest in 7 per cent. Preference £1 shares, which participate with the Ordinary up to 15 per cent. dividends. The new concern started work with practically £100,000 in hand. Machinery of the best type has been ordered, to supersede the somewhat antiquated engines heretofore used, when wood was the main staple of fuel, coal being too expensive to import. Oil has taken the place of the wood, and the Diesel Engine Company has, I believe, secured a large order from the Pahang Consolidated. This machinery should be in working order about the beginning of the New Year, by which time cautious souls in the House declare that Pahangs will be 60s. at least. There is already exposed, quite good authorities have told me, sufficient ore to realise a profit of £300,000 with tin at its present price; and whereas one half per cent. of tin to the ton will pay to work, some of the assays have run as high as 41 per cent. It sounds fabulous—a fairy tale, a romance. The people behind the scenes are not selling, do not intend to sell, they say; want the shares for investment purposes. The buying, I know, has come largely from the Straits Settlements, and they should know out there what's what. These five-shilling shares—they will be fully paid on Oct. 1, when the final call of sixpence becomes due—are talked soberly enough to five pounds. Only, the insiders say, you must take up your shares and wait three, six, or twelve months to reap a great reward.

And that is all I hear about Pahangs.

There's another thing—Simmer Deep. One hears fairy-tales about these shares, too—hears the price will go to £6 before next Christmas, and that sort of thing. I don't think the shares ought to be touched with a barge-pole. They may go up a bit, though that's doubtful. The people attempting to give them a run are resorting to curious newspaper methods for the sale of their wares, and it is a matter of scandal that certain papers commanding large circulations and wide influence should sell their columns for the purpose of misleading people to believe that a paid-for advertisement is honest editorial advice. Some important London paper will insert a paid puff as news, and the advertising agent thereupon hies him to certain of the best provincial newspapers, which set their faces resolutely against these dirty dodges. "What? Not take this advertisement?" cries the agent in profound surprise. "Why, look here, even the — takes it. And think of the rate we will pay you." When the provincial's editor offers to accept it if properly labelled as advertisement matter, then, bless my soul, how offended our friends are! Our daily and weekly newspapers, in their financial arrangements, are not always subjects for patriotic pride.

Epigrams in the House usually take the form of scathing satire by brokers upon jobbers, or vice versa. But it was a dealer the other day who defined the "modern jobber as a man who eagerly grabs at a threepenny-bit on the ground in front of him, while he sticks his foot through a plate-glass window at the back of him."

Don't sell Argentine Railway stocks. Be prepared, however, for a possible fall between this and the end of October. Prices may give way a little on account of the heavy increase in working expenses, although there is little fear of dividends being reduced. If Rosarios, Great Southern, Pacifics, or Buenos Ayres Westerns give way three or four points, buy them, because such traffics are in prospect during November and December as even Argentina has never provided hitherto for her railways, and the current six months ought to show results which, unless the very unexpected happens, will be deemed phenomenal.

I met an outside broker in the street last night.

"There's nothing doing," he complained.

"And nobody to do?"

"Very few. People are getting too d—d artful," and off he went upon his weary way, leaving Throgmorton Street to the many workmen, a few paper-boys, and

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

MONEY AND OTHER THINGS.

The money outlook continues favourable, and the Bank reserve is nearly four millions more than last year, but neither money ease nor any other favourable factor is going to help the Stock Exchange until the Railway labour matter is settled one way or the other; for the present we can only await the result of the men's ballot, and hope for the best. But what is the best we hardly know, for if the strike is put off indefinitely it will mean a continuance of the present tension in a less acute form, whereas if we had the battle over, we

should be free from labour troubles for some years, whoever won. The shareholders of Carreras, Limited, are to be congratulated on the directors' report and balance-sheet which they will have to consider at the annual meeting this week. The profit of £28,146 is, we believe, the largest yet made in any year, and enables a dividend of 7½ per cent. to be paid on the Ordinary shares and the carry-forward to be increased by over £5000. Mr. Berkhard Baron is to be congratulated on the very satisfactory results of his management. As to the Kaffir Market, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach—no, we beg his pardon, Lord St. Aldwyn—seems to have settled all chance of any upward movement for the present by his Bank of Africa speech, than which nothing more gloomy has been heard for many a long day.

BORNEO RUBBER.

Rubber shares remain very steady notwithstanding a good deal of profit-taking. Many good judges are of opinion that the merits of British North Borneo as a field for rubber-cultivation have been somewhat overlooked, and that at present prices there is more scope for improvement in some of the best of the Borneo shares. For the benefit of any of your readers who share this view I append some particulars of the most promising among this class of shares.

(1) The *Langkon North Borneo Rubber Company* was founded in 1906, with an authorised capital of £100,000 in £1 shares. 60,000 shares have been issued, and 10s. per share paid. The shares are quoted at 7s. 6d. The Government of British North Borneo guarantees a dividend of 4 per cent. per annum for six years from the formation of the Company. The sum paid under this guarantee is returnable out of profits exceeding 6 per cent. in any year. The Company's estates cover an area of 12,000 acres, part of which was formerly cultivated as tobacco land, and is therefore cleared and drained. The present intention is to plant up to about 1500 acres with Para rubber, and at Jan. 31, 1907, 384 acres had been planted with 71,000 trees. It will be some years, of course, before the Company can become a dividend-payer from its own resources, but in the meantime shareholders have the benefit of the dividend guaranteed by the British North Borneo Company.

(2) The *North Borneo Trading Company, Limited*, has an authorised capital of £100,000 in 10s. shares, of which £97,645 is issued and fully paid. The shares stand at 6s. 6d. The Company has been in existence ten years, and the chief business has been the export of timber, but no dividend has yet been distributed, although the Company has paid its way. The Company has great possibilities, however, as it owns no less than 103,500 acres at Sandakan Bay, British North Borneo, while its rubber interests comprise the Sekong Rubber Estate of 15,000 acres, on which 75,000 trees have already been planted, including 13,500 ready for tapping. The shares should prove a valuable lock-up investment.

(3) The *Beaufort Borneo Rubber Company* was floated in April last with a capital of £100,000, divided into 25,000 Ordinary, and 75,000 Guaranteed shares of £1 each. The former were reserved for future issue, and the latter are now 10s. paid, quoted at par. The British North Borneo Company guarantees interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on these shares for six years from the date of allotment. The Company was formed to acquire a concession for a 999 years' lease of 8000 acres of land in British North Borneo. The land is favourably situated, and is believed to be eminently suitable for the cultivation of Para rubber. It is hoped to have 1500 acres planted within three years with 277,500 trees. The future of the Company depends, of course, on the price of rubber when the trees reach the productive age, and meanwhile the shareholders enjoy a guaranteed dividend of 5 per cent. Q.

Saturday, Sept. 21, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

PUKHTO.—The only speculative investments among your list are Nos. 5 and 6. We have no faith in No. 5, and as to No. 6, you should be a better judge of tea prospects than we are. The rest of your list are reasonable investments, but we should realise No. 2 and No. 10, and re-invest in Cuba Gold Bonds or good Argentine Railway stock.

A. H.—Your letter was fully answered on the 17th inst.

J. J. C.—Your letter was fully answered on the 18th inst.

PETIT BELGE.—(1) We think well of Santa Fé land shares. Read the report just issued, and consider for yourself. (2) We prefer Commonwealth Oil Preference shares. (3) The Rubber Company is a new concern, and has not yet paid a dividend.

RUB.—The Rubber Company is, for all practical purposes, dead, and the shares are quite valueless; but whether it has been wound up we do not know.

H. W.—Your letter was answered on the 20th inst.

MRS. NOVICE.—We have no faith in Nos. 1 or 2. The first is over-capitalised, and the second a poor concern. No. 3 we know little about, and No. 4 is a good mine, which will probably give you good dividends for years, but read carefully what the chairman says at the coming meeting.

RUBBER.—Your list contains some awful stuff for a man in your position. We should sell Nos. 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 14, and 19, and reinvest in reasonable securities paying 5 per cent. See answer to "Aquila" last week.

CAMLOUGH.—Better hold Slaters for better prices. As you can get next to nothing for your motor-bus shares, you must hold in the hope of some traffic arrangement which will put up prices and give you a chance of selling. We have no faith in the Company, which was begotten in iniquity.

C. A. (Dublin).—Buy Cuban Gold bonds, River Plate Gas shares, and Argentine Land and Investment 5 per cent. Preference shares.

F. G.—The shares would not suit us—they are all too speculative; but everybody to her choice, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow.

E. P.—As to Tanganyikas see the House Haunter's letter.

E. M. C.—(1) We must consult official lists for the 16th and will write you. (2) Not much. (3) Good, but we cannot see much room for higher prices.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Folkestone, I fancy Ready Wit for the Folkestone Handicap, Hostility for the Leas Nursery, Billy Boy for the Moderate Two-Year-Old Plate, and Lark for the Cliff Plate. At Lingfield the following may go close: Braslea Handicap, Shy Lad; Autumn Handicap, Aid; Crowborough Nursery, Pooklet; Club Welter, Tunis; Two Miles Handicap, Elston; and Yearling Stakes, The Nut. At Newbury I like the following: Newbury Cup, Fugleman; Donnington Plate, Whiting; Manton Nursery, Chandelier; Long Distance Handicap, Phylloxera; Kingsclere Stakes, Slieve Gallion; Highclere Nursery, Nobleman; Lambourne Welter, Avebury; Whatcombe Handicap, Norrie.

THE MERE MAN.

ON THE VAGARIES OF HOLIDAY LUGGAGE.

IT might be supposed by the casual observer that luggage, being of the inanimate world, would remain in one place when it had been placed there. But this is to take a very superficial view of the matter. Inanimate things are by no means tied to one spot simply because they are inanimate. There is nothing they like better than wandering about into odd places, and hiding themselves where their owners least expect to find them. It is true that they are by the nature of things unable to move themselves, but they are by no means without the power of inspiring people with their ideas in some mysterious and as yet unexplained fashion.

And these things always go by contraries. If a pile of luggage is left in a secluded spot at a country junction to wait for the coming of some train that will, in the course of the time-tables, at length wander into the station, it might be supposed that there it would stay until such times as the van for which it was intended had lumbered in. But not a bit of it. The little pile of apparently unintelligent boxes gets wearied of doing nothing and of not being pitched about all over the place, and by some mystic process of telepathy it contrives to inspire a usually thick-headed porter with its desire for locomotion, and without more ado a truck is fetched and the luggage transported to some secret hiding place, from which it is only extracted at the last moment—if it is ever extracted at all—in time to be hurriedly hurled into the train in which it has to continue its journey.

There must be some mystic process working in this, because the average railway-porter is not given to moving luggage or anything else unnecessarily, and even when he is told to bring the luggage along, a sharp eye has to be kept on him to see that he does it. It is when he is not told to move boxes that some strange hypnotism seizes on him, and he is impelled by an unknown force to do that which is his duty—namely, to take a truck and remove baggage without being wound up so to do by the vision of twopence, actual or prospective. It is a matter which should be inquired into by the Psychical Research Society without further delay.

But the railway-porter is not the only person for whom piles of luggage without any immediately visible owner have a strange fascination. There is a guild or fraternity known as railway sneaks, for whom other people's portmanteaux have a weird attraction, so much so that they have developed the craving into a fine art. A pile of a trunk, a portmanteau, and a hat-box, sitting alone in a wide and cold world, touches their sympathies in the tenderest spot, and impels them to exercise the virtue of charity, and to let

that virtue blush unseen as much as possible. To the ordinary man the spectacle of a dog deserted by its master is sufficiently sad; but to the fraternity of railway sneaks the sight of deserted luggage is infinitely more pitiful. So sad is it that, should the owner maintain his heartless attitude, and remain out of sight, they will even, out of the kindness of their hearts, call a porter, and have the homeless goods placed on a cab for conveyance to their own charitable homes.

These kind-hearted creatures have been very much in evidence of late, and, indeed, several of them have appeared in the police courts, the victims of their sensitive natures. This is a time of year at which families returning from their holidays at the seaside or elsewhere are culpably careless of their belongings, and leave them about in draughty stations with no one to look after them. It is then that the railway sneak is hypnotised by the looks of the luggage he sees around him, and feels impelled to give it shelter. The simplest method of all is to tell a porter to place the deserted goods on a cab and drive off with them, but that is a primitive method which too often leads to detection and downfall; for, strange to say, neither the rightful owners nor the Magistrates have much sympathy for this form of Socialism.

Travelling bags are the most valuable form of luggage, and that which is least able to bear exposure and neglect; there is also a strong family resemblance between all of them. It is, therefore, an easy thing for the altruistic sneak to wander into a station with a bag which is not too new in appearance and is stuffed with bricks, or something equally callous and able to bear exposure, and to exchange a bag full of valuable property for the one that merely contains rubbish. The thing is soon done, and in a crowded station it is generally very difficult to detect. To the mind of the railway sneak it is a sad thing to see a bag which may possibly contain jewels left to take care of itself on a draughty platform, and, according to his own code of morals, he is only doing a righteous act in correcting such carelessness.

Whether the returning holiday-makers have been more careless this year, or whether the railway sneaks are more numerous, the social statisticians have not yet had time to determine; but the fact remains that this year thefts at railway stations have been more frequent than usual. The fault does not lie with the porters nor with the railway companies so much as with the owners of the luggage, who seem to be utterly reckless of their belongings when they are on their homeward journey. When they start for their holidays they are much more careful of their goods and chattels, but it is at the end of the holiday season that bags and portmanteaux have a peculiar fascination for the sneak—a simple fact which is too often overlooked.

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